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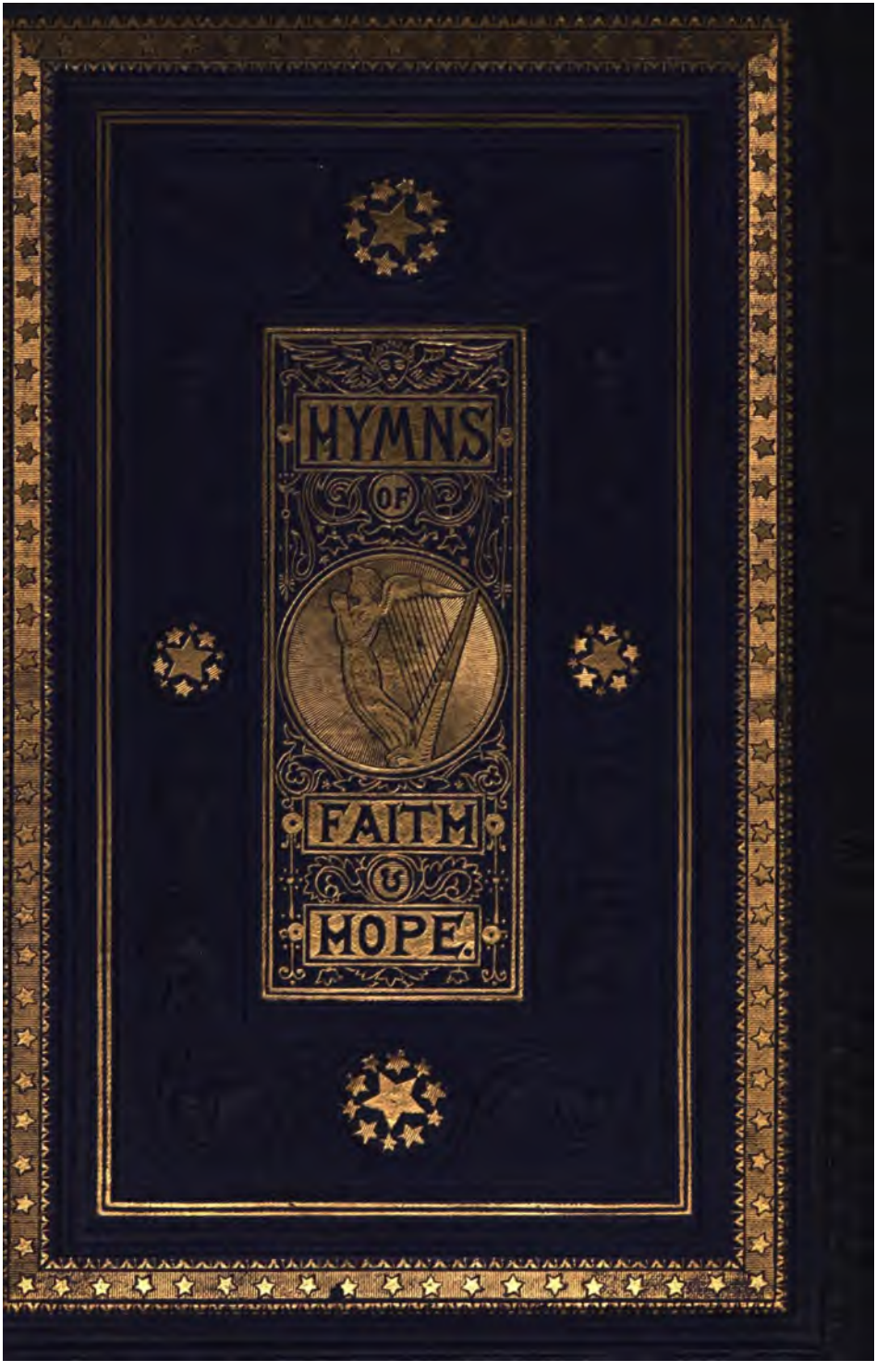
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HYMNS
OF
FAITH
&
HOPE.



# HYMNS

OF

# Faith and Hope.

BY

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

*NEW EDITION.*




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C.W.

# Hymns of Faith and Hope.

## DIVINE ORDER.

THIS first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful,
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad;
Tears for a day; for earth of tears is full,
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,
But first the dark, and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

'Tis first the night,—stern night of storm and war,—
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;
Then the far sparkle of the Morning-star,
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.

## LEFT BEHIND.

LOOK at this starbeam! From its place of birth,
It has come down to greet us here below;
Now it alights unwearied on this earth,
Nor storm nor night have quenched its heavenly glow.

Unbent before the winter's rugged blast,
Unsoiled by this sad planet's tainted air,
It sparkles out from yon unmeasured vast,
Bright 'mid the brightest, 'mid the fairest fair.

Undimmed it reaches me; but yet alone:
The thousand gay companions that took wing
Along with it have perished one by one,
Scattered o'er space like blossoms of the spring.

## *LEFT BEHIND.*

Some to yon nearer orbs have sped their course,
Yon city's smoke has quench'd a thousand more;
Myriads in yon dark cloud have spent their force;
A few stray gleams are all that reach our shore.

And so with us! How many, who began
Life's race with us, are dropping by the way;
Losing themselves in darkness one by one,
From the glad goal departing wide astray!

When we shall reach the kingdom of the blest,
How few who started with us shall we find
Arriving or arrived, for glorious rest;
How many shall we mourn as left behind! *

* "Pauci læta arva tenemus."—VIRGIL, *Æneid, VI.*

## THE MEETING-PLACE.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade:
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill:
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong,
Where the day-light dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more:
Where no bond is ever sundered;
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide,—all are done:
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child,
Where dear families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

## THE MEETING-PLACE.

Where the hidden wound is healed,
  Where the blighted life re-blooms,
Where the smitten heart the freshness
  Of its buoyant youth resumes:
Where the love that here we lavish
  On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
  In an ever spring-bright clime:
Where we find the joy of loving,
  As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
  Loving once and evermore:
    Brother, we shall meet and rest
    'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten
  Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
  Shed its healing splendour here:
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom
  Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
  Be where only wastes have been:
Where a King in kingly glory,
  Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
  Claim and wear the holy crown:
    Brother, we shall meet and rest
    'Mid the holy and the blest.

## A STRANGER HERE.

I MISS the dear paternal dwelling,
Which mem'ry still undimmed recalls,
A thousand early stories telling,
I miss the venerable walls.

I miss the chamber of my childhood,
I miss the shade of boyhood's tree,—
The glen, the path, the cliff, the wild-wood,
The music of the well-known sea.

I miss the ivied haunt of moonlight,
I miss the forest and the stream,
I miss the fragrant grove of noonlight,
I miss our mountain's sunset gleam.

I miss the green slope, where reposing
I mused upon the near and far,
Marked, one by one, each floweret closing,
Watched, one by one, each opening star.

I miss the well-remembered faces,
The voices, forms of fresher days;
Time ploughs not up these deep-drawn traces,
These lines no ages can erase.

I miss them all, for, unforgetting,
My Spirit o'er the past still strays,
And, much its wasted years regretting,
It treads again these shaded ways.

## *A STRANGER HERE.*

I mourn not that each early token
  Is now to me a faded flower,
Nor that the magic snare is broken,
  That held me with its mystic power.

I murmur not that now a stranger,
  I pass along the smiling earth;
I know the snare, I dread the danger,
  I hate the haunts, I shun the mirth.

My hopes are passing upward, onward,
  And with my hopes my heart has gone;
My eye is turning skyward, sunward,
  Where glory brightens round yon throne.

My spirit seeks its dwelling yonder;
  And faith fore-dates the joyful day
When these old skies shall cease to sunder
  The one dear, love-linked family.

Well-pleased I find years rolling o'er me,
  And hear each day time's measured tread;
Far fewer clouds now stretch before me,
  *Behind* me is the darkness spread.

And summer's suns are swiftly setting,
  And life moves downward in their train,
And autumn dews are fondly wetting
  The faded cheek of earth in vain.

December moons are coldly waning,
  And life with them is on the wane;
Storm-laden skies with sad complaining,
  Bend blackly o'er the unsmiling main.

## *A STRANGER HERE.*

My future from my past unlinking,
Each dying year untwines the spell;
The visible is swiftly sinking,
Uprises the invisible.

To light, unchanging, and eternal,
From mists that sadden this bleak waste,
To scenes that smile for ever vernal,
From winter's blackening leaf I haste.

Earth, what a sorrow lies before thee,
None like it in the shadowy past;
The sharpest throe that ever tore thee,
Even though the briefest and the last!

I see the fair moon veil her lustre,
I see the sackcloth of the sun;
The shrouding of each starry cluster,
The three-fold woe of earth begun.

I see the shadows of its sunset;
And wrapt in these the Avenger's form;
I see the Armageddon-onset;
But I shall be above the storm.

There comes the moaning and the sighing,
There comes the hot tear's heavy fall,
The thousand agonies of dying;
But I shall be beyond them all.

## OCEAN TEACHINGS.

This great and wide sea.—*Ps.* civ. 25.

THAT rising storm! It has awakened me;
My slumbering spirit starts to life anew;
That blinding spray-drift, how it falls upon me,
As on the weary flower the freshening dew.

That rugged rock-fringe that girds in the ocean,
And calls the foam from its translucent blue,
It seems to pour strange strength into my spirit,—
Strength for endurance, strength for conflict too.

And these bright ocean-birds, these billow-rangers,
The snowy-breasted,—each a winged wave,—
They tell me how to joy in storm and dangers,
When surges whiten, or when whirlwinds rave.

And these green-stretching fields, these peaceful hollows,
That hear the tempest, but take no alarm,
Has not their placid verdure sweetly taught me
The peace within when all without is storm?

And thou keen sun-flash, through the cloud-wreath bursting,
Silvering the sea, the sward, the rock, the foam,
What light within me has thy pure gleam kindled!
'Tis from the land of light that thou art come.

And of that time how blithely art thou telling,
When cloud and change and tempest shall take wing;
Each beam of thine prophetic of the glory,
Creation's day-break, earth's long-promised spring.

Even thus it is, my God me daily teacheth
Sweet knowledge out of all I hear and see;
Each object has a heavenly voice within it,
Each scene, however troubled, speaks to me.

For all upon this earth is broken beauty;
Yet out of all what strange, deep lessons rise!
Each hour is giving out its heaven-sent wisdom,
A message from the sea, the shore, the skies.

## NO MORE SEA.

Καὶ ἡ θάλασσα οὐκ ἔστιν ἔτι.—*Rev.* xxi. 1.

SUMMER Ocean, idly washing
This grey rock on which I lean;
Summer Ocean, broadly flashing
With thy hues of gold and green;
Gently swelling, wildly dashing
O'er yon island-studded scene;
Summer Ocean, how I'll miss thee,
Miss the thunder of thy roar,
Miss the music of thy ripple,
Miss thy sorrow-soothing shore,—
Summer Ocean, how I'll miss thee,
When "the sea shall be no more."
Summer Ocean, how I'll miss thee,
As along thy strand I range;
Or as here I sit and watch thee
In thy moods of endless change,
Mirthful moods of morning gladness,
Musing moods of sunset sadness;
When the dying winds caress thee,
And the sinking sunbeams kiss thee,
And the crimson cloudlets press thee,
And all nature seems to bless thee!—
Summer Ocean, how I'll miss thee,
Miss the wonders of thy shore,
Miss the magic of thy grandeur,
When "the sea shall be no more."

And yet sometimes in my musings,
When I think of what shall be;
In the day of earth's new glory,
Still I seem to roam by thee.
As if all had not departed,
But the glory lingered still;
As if that which made thee lovely,
Had remained unchangeable.
Only that which marr'd thy beauty,
Only *that* had passed away,
Sullen wilds of Ocean-moorland,
Bloated features of decay.
Only that dark waste of waters,
Line ne'er fathomed, eye ne'er scanned,
Only *that* shall shrink and vanish,
Yielding back the imprisoned land.
Yielding back earth's fertile hollows,
Long-submerged and hidden plains;
Giving up a thousand valleys,
Of the ancient world's domains.
Leaving still bright azure ranges,
Winding round this rocky tower;
Leaving still yon gem-bright island,
Sparkling like an ocean flower.
Leaving still some placid stretches,
Where the sun-beams bathe at noon,
Leaving still some lake-like reaches,
Mirrors for the silver moon.
Only all of gloom and horror,
Idle wastes of endless brine,
Haunts of darkness, storm and danger,
These shall be no longer thine.

Backward ebbing, wave and ripple,
Wondrous scenes shall then disclose;
And, like earth's, the wastes of ocean
Then shall blossom as the rose.

## THE CHANGE.

I LOVE yon pale blue sky; it is the floor
Of that glad home where I shall shortly be;
A home from which I shall go out no more;
From toil and grief and vanity set free.

I gaze upon yon everlasting arch,
Up which the bright stars wander, as they shine;
And, as I mark them in their nightly march,
I think how soon that journey shall be mine!

Yon silver drift of silent cloud, far up
In the still heaven,—through you my pathway lies:
Yon rugged mountain-peak,—how soon your top
Shall I behold beneath me, as I rise!

Not many more of life's slow-pacing hours,
Shaded with sorrow's melancholy hue;
Oh, what a glad ascending shall be ours,
Oh, what a pathway up yon starry blue!

A journey like Elijah's, swift and bright,
Caught gently upward to an early crown,
In heaven's own chariot of all-blazing light,*
With death untasted and the grave unknown.

## THE CLOUDLESS.

NO shadows yonder!
All light and song;
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng?

No weeping yonder!
All fled away;
While here I wander
Each weary day;
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder;
Hearts cannot sever;
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp for ever.†

* *θείῳ πυρὶ παμφαής.*—SOPH. *Philoct.*
† *ἄδακρυν νέμονται αἰῶνα.*—PINDAR. *Olym.*

None wanting yonder,
Bought by the Lamb!
All gathered under
The ever-green palm;
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.

## THE LAND OF LIGHT.

THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours;
All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a far milder air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care:
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers;
No broken sunshine there!
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendour o'er these sinless shores;
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
There Jesus reigns dispensing endless day.



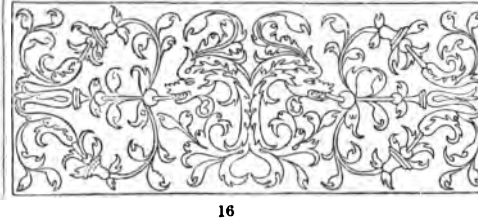


*THE LAND OF LIGHT.*

Those dwellers there are not like these of earth,
No mortal stain they bear ;
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth,—
Whence, and how came they there ?
Earth was their native soil ; from sin and shame,
Through tribulation they to glory came ;
Bond-slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

Those robes of theirs are not like these below ;
No angel's half so bright !
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow ?
Whence came that radiant white ?
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light those robes of theirs became,
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky !







## THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

### ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.

HA! yon burst of crystal splendour,
Sunlight, starlight blent in one;
Starlight set in arctic azure,
Sunlight from the burning zone!
Gold and silver, gems and marble,
All creation's jewelry;
Earth's uncovered waste of riches,
Treasures of the ancient sea.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Iris and Aurora braided,
How the woven colours shine!
Snow-gleams from an Alpine summit,
Torch-light from a spar-roofed mine.
Like Arabia's matchless palace,
Child of magic's strong decree,
One vast globe of living sapphire,
Floor, walls, columns, canopy.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Forms of beauty, shapes of wonder,
Trophies of triumphant toil;
Never Athens, Rome, Palmyra,
Gazed on such a costly spoil.
Dazzling the bewildered vision,
More than princely pomp we see;







What the blaze of the Alhambra,
Dome of emerald, to thee?
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Farthest cities pour their riches,
Farthest empires muster here,
Art her jubilee proclaiming
To the nations far and near.
From the crowd in wonder gazing,
Science claims the prostrate knee;
This her temple, diamond-blazing,
Shrine of her idolatry.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Listen to her tale of wonder,
Of her plastic, potent spell;
'Tis a big and braggart story,
Yet she tells it fair and well.
She the gifted, gay magician,
Mistress of earth, air, and sea;
This majestic apparition,
Offspring of her sorcery.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

What to that for which we're waiting,
Is this glittering earthly toy?
Heavenly glory, holy splendour,
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.
Not the gems that time can tarnish,
Not the hues that dim and die,



Not the glow that cheats the lover,
Shaded with mortality.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker;
Not the gleams that come and go;
Not the mirth whose end is madness;
Not the joy whose fruit is woe;
Not the notes that die at sunset;
Not the fashion of a day;
But the everlasting beauty,
And the endless melody.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal;
City of the jasper wall;
City of the golden pavement;
Seat of endless festival.
City of Jehovah, Salem,
City of eternity,
To thy bridal hall of gladness,
From this prison would I flee.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Ah; with such strange spells around me,
Fairest of what earth calls fair,
How I need thy fairer image,
To undo the syren snare!
Lest the subtle serpent-tempter
Lure me with his radiant lie;

As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need *thee*, heavenly city,
My low spirit to upbear;
Yes, I need thee; earth's enchantments
So beguile me with their glare.
Let me see thee, then these fetters
Break asunder; I am free;
Then this pomp no longer chains me;
Faith has won the victory.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,
No excess of brilliance palls,
Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There beside yon crystal river,
There beneath life's wondrous tree,
There, with nought to cloud or sever,
Ever with the Lamb to be;
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

## ADVENT.

THE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps, a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn,
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Should not the loving bride
The absent bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

## HOW LONG?

DO they still linger,—these slow-treading ages?
How long must we still bear their cold delay!
Streak after streak the glowing dawn presages;
And yet it breaks not,—the expected day!

## *HOW LONG!*

Each tossing year, with prophet-lip hath spoken,
"Prepare your praises—earth, awake and sing!"
And yet yon dome of blue remains unbroken;
No tidings yet of the descending King!

Darkness still darkens; nearer now and nearer
The lightnings gleam; the sea's scorched billows moan;
And the sere leaf of earth is growing serer,
Creation droops, and heaves a bitterer groan.

O storm and earthquake, wind and warring thunder,
Your hour is coming! One wild outburst more,
One other day of war, and wreck, and plunder;
And then your desolating reign is o'er.

These plains are not your battle-field for ever;
That glassy deep was never made for you;
These mountains were not built for you to shiver;
These buds are not for your rude hands to strew.

Flee and give back to earth its verdant gladness,
The early freshness of its unsoiled dew;
Take hence your sackcloth, with its stormy sadness;
And let these wrinkled skies their youth renew.

## *HOW LONG!*

Give back that day of days, the seventh and fairest,
When, like a gem new-set, earth flung afar
Her glory, of creation's gems the rarest,
Sparkling in beauty to each kindred star.

Come back, thou holy love, so rudely banished,
When evil came, and hate, and fear, and wrong;
Return, thou joyous light, so quickly vanished;
Revive, thou life that death hath quenched so long!

Re-fix, re-knit the chain so harshly broken,
That bound this lower orb to yon bright heaven;
Hang out on high the ever-golden token,
That tells of earth renewed and man forgiven.

Withdraw the veil that has for ages hidden
That upper kingdom from this nether sphere,
Renew the fellowship so long forbidden;
O God, Thyself take up Thy dwelling here!

## A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon.
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,

## *A LITTLE WHILE.*

Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.



## NOT VERY FAR.

SURELY, yon heaven, where angels see God's face,
Is not so distant as we deem
From this low earth? 'Tis but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream;
'Tis but a veil, which winds might blow aside:
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide,
From the bright dwelling of the glorified,
The Land of which I dream!

These peaks are nearer heaven than earth below,
These hills are higher than they seem;
'Tis not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow
Of the o'er-bending azure as we deem.
'Tis the blue floor of heaven that they upbear;
And like some old and wildly rugged stair,
They lift us to the land where all is fair,
The Land of which I dream!

These ocean waves, in their unmeasured sweep,
Are brighter, bluer than they seem;
True image here of the celestial deep,
Fed from the fulness of the unfailing stream,—
Heaven's glassy sea of everlasting rest,
With not a breath to stir its silent breast,
The sea that laves the land where all are blest,
The Land of which I dream!

And these keen stars, the bridal gems of Night,
  Are purer, lovelier than they seem;
Filled from the inner fountain of deep light,
  They pour down heaven's own beam;
Clear-speaking from their throne of glorious blue,
In accents ever ancient, ever new,
Of the glad home above, beyond our view,
  The Land of which I dream!

This life of ours, these lingering years of earth,
  Are briefer, swifter than they seem;
A little while, and the great second birth
  Of time shall come, the prophet's ancient theme!
Then He, the King, the Judge at length shall come,
And for this desert, where we sadly roam,
Shall give the kingdom for our endless home,
  The Land of which I dream!

## THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

UP and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odours of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life,—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

## THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Needs there the praise of the love-written
record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the
stone?
The things we have lived for,—let them be our
story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we
have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently
on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its
season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have
done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I
have sown;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed
by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have
spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have
sown,
Shall pass on to ages; all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I
have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done.

## OUR ONE LIFE.

'TIS not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we,
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream,
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seen.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
No idle tale;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below,—how brief, and poor, and sad!
One heavy sigh.
O life above,—how long, how fair, and glad!
An endless joy.
Oh, to be done with daily dying here;
Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere!

O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth,
How dull your hue;
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth,
Made fair and new!
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!

## THE CONSOLATION.

THE storm has broken, and the heavy blast,
That stifled morn's free breath and shook its dew,
Is dying into sunshine; and the last
Cold cloud has vanished from yon arch of blue.

## *THE CONSOLATION.*

I know it is but for a day; the war
Must soon be waged again 'twixt earth and heaven;
Another tempest will arise to mar
The tranquil beauty of the fragrant even.

And yet I joy, as storm on storm awakes;
Not that I love the uproar or the gloom;
But in each tempest over earth that breaks,
I count one fewer outburst yet to come.

No groan creation heaves is heaved in vain,
Nor e'er shall be repeated; it is done.
Once heaved it never shall be heaved again;
Earth's pangs and throes are lessening one by one.

So falls the stroke of sorrow, and so springs
Strange joy and comfort from the very grief,
Even to the weariest sufferer; so brings
Each heavy burden still its own relief.

One cross the less remains for me to bear;
Already borne is that of yesterday;
That of to-day shall no to-morrow share;
To-morrow's with itself, shall pass away.

That which is added to the troubled past
Is taken from the future, whose sad store
Grows less and less each day, till soon the last
Dull wave of woe shall break upon our shore.

The storm that yesterday ploughed up the sea
  Is buried now beneath its level blue;
One storm the fewer now remains for me,
  Ere sky and earth are made for ever new.

## THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING.

TO dream a troubled dream, and then awaken
  To the soft gladness of a summer sky;
To dream ourselves alone, unloved, forsaken,
  And then to wake 'mid smiles, and love, and joy;

To look at evening on the storm's rude motion,
  The cloudy tumult of the fretted deep;
And then at day-burst upon that same ocean,
  Soothed to the stillness of its stillest sleep,—

So runs our course, so tells the church her story,
  So to the end shall it be ever told;
Brief shame on earth, but after shame the glory,
  That wanes not, dims not, never waxes old.

Lord Jesus, come, and end this troubled
dreaming!
Dark shadows, vanish; rosy twilight, break!
Morn of the true and real, burst forth, calm
beaming,
Day of the beautiful, arise, awake!

## DAY-SPRING.

THE loving morn is springing
From night's unloving gloom;
And earth seems now arising
In beauty from the tomb.

See daylight far above us,
Tingeing each cloudy wreath,
Ere it showers itself in splendour
Upon the plain beneath.

'Tis sparkling on the mountain-peak,
'Tis hurrying down the vale,
'Tis bursting through the forest-boughs,
'Tis freshening in the gale.

'Tis mingling with the river's smile,
'Tis glistening in the dew.
'Tis flinging far its silver net,
O'er ocean's braided blue.

## *DAY-SPRING.*

'Tis blushing o'er the meadow's gold,
'Tis alighting on the flower,
Unfolding every gentle bud
To the gladness of the hour.

'Tis gilding the old ruin's moss,
'Tis gleaming from the spire;
And through the crumbling window-shafts
It shoots its living fire.

'Tis quivering in the village-smoke,
That curls the low roof o'er;
It beats against the castle gate,
And at the cottage door.

O'er the church-yard it is resting,
On stone, and grass, and mould;
Giving voice to each grey tombstone,
As to Memnon's harp of old.

O the gay burst of beauty
That is flushing over earth,
And calling forth its millions
To holy morning mirth!

Yet look we for a sunrise
More beautiful than this;
And watch we for a dawning
Of purer light and bliss.

When a far fairer morning
O'er greener hills shall rise,
And a far fresher sunlight
Look down from bluer skies.

Is not creation weary?
Has sin not reigned too long?
Hear, Lord, Thy Church's pleading,
Come, end her day of wrong!

## DUST TO DUST.

DUST, receive thy kindred!
Earth, take now thine own!
To thee this trust is rendered,
In thee this seed is sown.

Guard the precious treasure,
Ever-faithful tomb!
Keep it all unrifled,
Till the Master come.

Time's tide of change and uproar
Breaks above thy head;
Feet of restless millions
O'er thy chambers tread.

Earthquakes, whirlwinds, tempests,
Tear the quivering ground;
Voices, trumpets, thunders,
Fill the air around.

## *DUST TO DUST.*

Roar of raging battle;
  Shout, and shriek, and wail,
Startle even the bravest,
  Turn the fresh cheek pale.

Torrent rolled on torrent,
  Bursts o'er bank and bar;
Sweeping down our valleys,
  Swells the rising war.

Billow meeting billow,
  Beats the shattered strand,
Rousing ocean-echoes,
  Shaking sea and land.

But these sounds of terror
  Pierce not this low tomb;
Nor break the happy slumbers
  Of this quiet home.

Couch of the tranquil slumber
  For the weary brow;
Rest of the faint and toiling,
  Take this loved one now.

Turf of the shaded churchyard,
  Warder of the clay,
Watch the toil-worn sleeper,
  Till the awaking day.

Watch the well-loved sleeper,
  Guard that placid form,
Fold around it gently,
  Shield it from alarm.

Clasp it kindly, fondly,
To cherish, not destroy;
Clasp it as the mother
Clasps her nestling joy.

Guard the precious treasure,
Ever faithful tomb;
Keep it all unrifled
Till the Master come.

## ARISE AND DEPART.

BRETHREN, arise,
Let us go hence!
Defiled, polluted thus,
This is no home for us;
Till earth is purified,
We may not here abide.
We were not born for earth;
The city of our birth,
The better paradise,
Is far above these skies.
Upward then let us soar,
Cleaving to dust no more!

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
Death and the grave are here,
The sick-bed and the bier.

The children of the tomb
May love this kindred gloom;
But we, the deathless band,
Must seek the deathless land.
The mortal here may rove,
The immortal dwell above.
Here we can only die,
Let us ascend on high.

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
For we are weary here.
The ever-falling tear,
The ever-swelling sigh,
The sorrow ever nigh,
The sin still flowing on,
Creation's ceaseless groan,
The tumult near and far,
The universal war,
The sounds that never cease,
These are our weariness!

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
This is not our abode;
Too far, too far from God!
The angels dwell not here;
There falls not on the ear
The everlasting song,
From the celestial throng.
'Tis discord here alone,
Earth's melody is gone;

Her harp lies broken now,
Her praise has ceased to flow!

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
The New Jerusalem,
Like a resplendent gem,
Sends down its heavenly light,
Attracting our dull sight.
I see the bright ones wait
At each fair pearly gate;
I hear their voices call;
I see the jasper wall,
The clear translucent gold,
The glory all untold!

Brethren, arise,
Let us go hence!
What are earth's joys and gems,
What are its diadems?
Our crowns are waiting us
Within our Father's house.
Our friends above the skies
Are bidding us arise;
Our Lord, he calls away
To scenes of sweeter day
Than this sad earth can know.
Let us arise and go!

## NEWLY FALLEN ASLEEP.

PAST all pain for ever,
Done with sickness now;
Let me close thine eyes, mother,
Let me smooth thy brow.
Rest and health and gladness;
These thy portion now;
Let me press thy hand, mother,
Let me kiss thy brow.

Eyes that shall never weep:
Life's tears all shed,
Its farewells said,—
These shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that they were mine!

A brow without a shade;
Each wrinkle smoothed,
Each throbbing soothed,
That shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that it were mine!

A tongue that stammers not
In tuneful praise,
Through endless days,
That shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that it were mine!

## *NEWLY FALLEN ASLEEP.*

A voice that trembles not;
All quivering past;
Death's sigh the last;
That shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that it were mine!

Limbs that shall never tire,
Nor ask to rest,
In service blest;
These shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that they were mine!

A frame that cannot ache;
Earth's labours done,
Life's battle won;
That shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that it were mine!

A heart that flutters not;
No timid throb,
No quick-breathed sob;
That shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that it were mine!

A will that swerveth not,
At frown or smile,
At threat or wile:
That shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that it were mine!

## *NEWLY FALLEN ASLEEP.*

A soul still upward bent
On higher flight,
With wing of light;
That shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that it were mine!

Hours without fret or care;
The race well run,
The prize well won;
These shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that they were mine!

Days without toil or grief;
Time's burdens borne,
With strength well-worn;
These shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that they were mine!

Rest without broken dreams,
Or wakeful fears,
Or hidden tears;
That shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that it were mine!

Life that shall fear no death;
God's life above,
Of light and love;
That shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that it were mine!

Morn that shall light the tomb,
And call from dust
The slumbering just;
That shall be thine!
All well with thee;
Oh, would that it were mine!

## THE FLESH RESTING IN HOPE.

**The grave is mine house: I have made my bed in the darkness . . . the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him.—*Job* xvii. 13, xxi. 33.**

LIE down, frail body, here,
Earth has no fairer bed,
No gentler pillow to afford;
Come, rest thy home-sick head.

Lie down, "vile body,"* here,
This mould is smoothly strown,
No couch of flowers more softly spread;
Come, make this grave thine own.

Lie down with all thy aches,
There is no aching here;
How soon shall all thy life-long ills
For ever disappear.

* Phil. iii. 21.





*THE FLESH RESTING IN HOPE.*

Through these well-guarded gates
No foe can entrance gain ;
No sickness wastes, nor once intrudes
The memory of pain.

The tossings of the night,
The frettings of the day,
All end, and, like a cloud of dawn,
Melt from thy skies away.

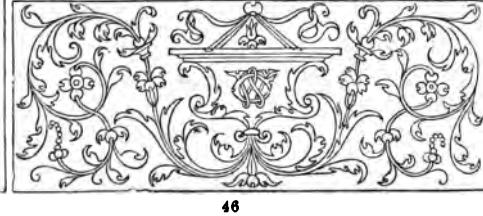
Foot-sore and worn thou art,
Breathless with toil and fight,
How welcome now the long-sought sleep
Of this all-tranquil night.

Brief night and quiet couch
In some star-lighted room,
Watched but by one beloved eye,
Whose light dispels all gloom ;

A sky without a cloud,
A sea without a wave,—
These are but shadows of thy rest
In this thy peaceful grave.

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the thought-worn brow,
Rest for the weary way-sore feet,
Rest from all labour now.

Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye ;
Through these parched lips of thine no more,
Shall pass the moan or sigh.



Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes the silent chamber-walls
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth, and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill then be raised in power.
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

## FAR BETTER.

SAFE at home, where the dark tempter roams not;
How have I envied thy far happier lot!
Already resting where the evil comes not;
The tear, the toil, the woe, the sin forgot.

O safe in port, where the rough billow breaks not,
Where the wild sea-moan saddens thee no more;

## *FAR BETTER.*

Where the remorseless stroke of tempest
shakes not;
When, when shall I too gain that tranquil
shore.

O bright, amid the brightness all eternal;
When shall I breathe with thee the purer air,
Air of a land whose clime is ever vernal,
A land without a serpent or a snare.

Away, above these scenes of guilt and folly,
Beyond this desert's heat and dreariness,
Safe in the city of the ever-holy,
Let me make haste to join thy earlier bliss.

Another battle fought, and oh, not lost,—
Tells of the ending of this fight and thrall,
Another ridge of time's lone moorland crossed,
Gives nearer prospect of the jasper wall.

Just gone within the veil, where I shall follow,
Not far before me, hardly out of sight,—
I down beneath thee in this cloudy hollow,
And thou above me on yon sunny height.

Gone to begin a new and happier story,
Thy bitterer tale of earth now told and done;
These outer shadows for that inner glory
Exchanged for ever.—O thrice blessed one!

O freed from fetters of this lonesome prison,
How I shall greet thee in that day of days
When He who died, yea rather who is risen,
Shall these frail frames from dust and darkness raise.

## WANDERING DOWN.

I AM wandering down life's shady path,
Slowly, slowly, wandering down;
I am wandering down life's rugged path,
Slowly, slowly, wandering down.

Morn, with its store of buds and dew,
Lies far behind me now;
Morn, with its wealth of song and light,
Lies far behind me now.

'Tis the mellow flush of sunset now,
'Tis the shadow and the cloud;
'Tis the dimness of the dying eve,
'Tis the shadow and the cloud.

'Tis the dreamy haze of twilight now,
'Tis the hour of silent trust;
'Tis the solemn hue of fading skies,
'Tis the time of tranquil trust.

The pleasant heights of breezy life,
The pleasant heights are past;
The sunny slopes of buoyant life,
The sunny slopes are past.

I shall rest in yon low valley soon,
There to sleep my toil away:
I shall rest in yon sweet valley soon,
There to sleep my tears away.

## *WANDERING DOWN.*

One little hour will soothe away
  Time's months of care and pain;
One quiet hour will dream away
  Time's years of care and pain.

Laid side by side with those I love,
  How calm that rest shall be!
Laid side by side with those I love,
  How soft that sleep shall be!

I shall rise and put on glory
  When the great morn shall dawn;
I shall rise and put on beauty
  When the glad morn shall dawn.

I shall mount to yon fair city,
  The dwelling of the blest;
I shall enter yon bright city,
  The palace of the blest.

I shall meet the many parted ones,
  In that one home of joy;
Lost love for ever found again,
  In that dear home of joy.

We have shared our earthly sorrows,
  Each with the other here;
We shall share our heavenly gladness
  Each with the other there.

We have mingled tears together,
  We shall mingle smiles and song;
We have mingled sighs together,
  We shall mingle smiles and song.

## THE STRANGER SEA-BIRD.

FAR from his breezy home of cliff and billow,
Yon sea-bird folds his wing;
Upon the tremulous bough of this stream-shading willow
He stays his wandering.

Fanned by fresh leaves, and soothed by blossoms closing,
His lullaby the stream,
A stranger, in bewildered loneliness reposing,
He dreams his ocean-dream: —

His dream of ocean-haunts, and ocean-brightness,
The rock, the wave, the foam,
The blue above, beneath, the sea-cloud's trail of whiteness,
His unforgotten home.

And he would fly, but cannot, for the shadows
Of night have barred his way;
How could he search a path across these woods and meadows
To his far sea-home's spray?

Dark miles of thicket, swamp, and moorland dreary
Forbid his hopeless flight;

## *THE STRANGER SEA-BIRD.*

With plumage soiled, eye dim, heart faint, and
wing all weary,
He waits for sun and light.

And I, in this far land, a timid stranger,
Resting by Time's lone stream,
Lie dreaming, hour by hour, beset with night
and danger,
The Church's Patmos-dream :—

The dream of home possessed, and all home's
gladness
Beyond these unknown hills,
Of solace after earth's sore days of stranger-
sadness,
Beside the eternal rills.

Life's exile past, all told its broken story ;
Night, death, and evil gone ;
This more than Egypt-shame exchanged for
Canaan-glory,
And the bright city won !

Come then, O Christ ! earth's Monarch and
Redeemer,
Thy glorious Eden bring,
Where I, even I, at last, no more a trembling
dreamer,
Shall fold my heavy wing.

## THE BLANK.

ONE flower may fill another's place,
With breath as sweet, with hues as glowing:
One ripple in yon ocean-space
Be lost amid another's flowing.

One star in yon bright azure dome
May vanish from its sparkling cluster,
Unmissed, unmourned, and, in its room,
Some rival orb eclipse its lustre.

But who shall fill a brother's room?
Or who shall soothe the bosom's grieving?
Who heal the heart, around his tomb
Too faithfully, too fondly cleaving?

Can I supply youth's memories?
Or speak the word in childhood spoken?
Can I re-knit the severed ties,
Replace, retune the chord once broken?

It is not here, it is not now,
That hearts are knit no more to sever;
Grief's wrinkles rased from cheek and brow,
And life's long blanks filled up for ever.

## THE LITTLE FLOCK.

A LITTLE flock; So calls He thee,
Who bought thee with His blood;
A little flock,—disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

A little flock! So calls He thee;
Church of the first-born, hear!
Be not ashamed to own the name;
It is no name of fear.

A little flock! Yes, even so;
A handful among men,
Such is the purpose of thy God;
So willeth He; Amen!

Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes His kings and priests,
Are poor in human eyes.

Church of the everlasting God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice;

Thy words amid the words of earth,
How noiseless and how low!
Amid the hurrying crowds of time,
Thy steps how calm and slow!

But 'mid the wrinkled brows of earth,
Thy brow how free from care;
'Mid the flushed cheeks of riot here,
Thy cheek how pale and fair!

Amid the restless eyes of earth,
How stedfast is thine eye,
Fixed on the silent loveliness,
Of the far eastern sky.

A little flock! 'Tis well, 'tis well;
Such be her lot and name;
Through ages past it has been so,
And now 'tis still the same.

But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Her feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

No more a lily among thorns;
Weary, and faint, and few,
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

Unfading palms they bear aloft,
Unfaltering songs they sing;
Unending festival they keep,
In presence of the King.*

* Τῶν ἀγγέλων και τῶν ἁγίων ἀει ἑορταζοντων.
ATHANASIUS.

## THE SLEEP OF THE BELOVED.

So He giveth His beloved sleep.—*Psalm* cxxvii. 2.

SUNLIGHT has vanished, and the weary earth
Lies resting from a long day's toil and pain,
And, looking for a new dawn's early birth,
Seeks strength in slumber for its toil again.

We too would rest; but ere we close the eye
Upon the consciousness of waking thought,
Would calmly turn it to yon star-bright sky
And lift the soul to Him who slumbers not.

Above us is Thy hand, with tender care,
Distilling over us the dew of sleep:
Darkness seems loaded with oblivious air,
In deep forgetfulness each sense to steep.

Thou hast provided midnight's hour of peace,
Thou stretchest over us the wing of rest;
With more than all a parent's tenderness,
Foldest us sleeping to Thy gentle breast.

Grief flies away; care quits our easy couch,
Till, wakened by Thy hand, when breaks the day,
Like the lone prophet by the angel's touch,
We rise to tread again our pilgrim-way.

God of our life! God of each day and night,
Oh, keep us still till life's short race is run,
Until there dawns the long, long day of light,
That knows no night, yet needs no star nor sun.

## MINE AND THINE.

Didicisti quod nihil tui boni præcesserat, et gratiâ Dei conversus es ad Deum.—*Augustine.*

ALL that I *was*,—my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;
All that I *am*, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God alone.

The evil of my former state
Was mine and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine and only Thine.

The darkness of my former state,
The bondage all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.

Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

All that I am, even here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

## ABIDE IN HIM.

Tecum volo vulnerari
Te libenter amplexari
In cruce desidero.—*Old Hymn.*

CLING to the Crucified!
His death is life to thee,—
Life for eternity.
His pains thy pardon seal;
His stripes thy bruises heal;
His cross proclaims thy peace,
Bids every sorrow cease.
His blood is all to thee,
It purges thee from sin;
It sets thy spirit free,
It keeps thy conscience clean.
Cling to the Crucified!

Cling to the Crucified!
His is a heart of love,
Full as the hearts above;
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee;

His countenance is light,
Even in the darkest night.
That love shall never change,
That light shall ne'er grow dim;
Charge thou thy faithless heart,
To find its all in Him.
Cling to the Crucified!

## THE SINBEARER.

**He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities."—*Isa.* liii. 5.**

THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

Thy pains, not mine, O Christ,
Upon the shameful tree,
Have paid the law's full price,
And purchased peace for me.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

Thy bonds, not mine, O Christ,
Unbind me of my chain,
And break my prison-doors,
Ne'er to be barred again.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul,
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

Thy blood, not mine, O Christ,
Thy blood so freely spilt,
Can blanch my blackest stains,
And purge away my guilt.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven,
Or earth could bear, but God.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine,
Would have been all too few.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails,
Save that which is of Thee.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul;
In this I'll live and die.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

## THE SUBSTITUTE.

Jesu, plene caritate,
Manus tuæ perforatæ
Laxent mea crimina;
Latus tuum lanceatum,
Caput spinis coronatum,
Hæc sint medicamina.—*Old Hymn.*

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him:
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares,
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild.
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

## LOST BUT FOUND.

Arte mirâ, miro consilio,
Quærens ovem suam summus opilio,
Ut nos revocaret ab exilio.—*Old Hymn.*

I WAS a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one!

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,—
The long-sought wanderer!

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wand'ring sheep,
I would not be controlled:
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

C.W.

## THE WORD MADE FLESH.

**Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.**
**2 *Cor.* viii. 9.**

THE Son of God in mighty love,
Came down to Bethlehem for me;
Forsook His throne of light above,
An infant upon earth to be.

## THE WORD MADE FLESH.

In love, the Father's sinless child
Sojourned at Nazareth for me;
With sinners dwelt the undefiled,
The Holy One in Galilee.

Jesus, whom angel-hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I, through Him, enriched might be.

Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

In love the whole dark path He trod,
To consecrate a way for me;
Each bitter footstep marked with blood,
From Bethlehem to Calvary.

'Tis finished all; the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free
Now then we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee!

## THE VOICE FROM GALILEE.

Of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.—*John* i. 16.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him, my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

## A BETHLEHEM HYMN.

Mundum implens, in præsepio jacens.—*Augustine.*

HE has come! the Christ of God;
Left for us His glad abode;
Stooping from His throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.

He has come! the Prince of Peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with His light,
All the shadows of our night.

He the Mighty King has come!
Making this poor earth His home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load;
Son of David, Son of God.

He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us His glad abode;
Son of Mary, Son of God!

Unto us a Child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.

Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above,
Holy peace and holy love.

## THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here;
Nearer than ever; still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon.
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My wisdom and my teacher, both in one;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee;
Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword, and spear.

But see, the Pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward through the desert-night;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
It leads me to the heritage of light.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

## THE FEAST.

LOVE strong as death, nay, stronger,
Love mightier than the grave,
Broad as the earth, and longer
Than ocean's widest wave.
This is the love that sought us,
This is the love that bought us,
This is the love that brought us
To gladdest day from saddest night,
From deepest shame to glory bright,
From depths of death to life's fair height,
From darkness to the joy of light:
This is the love that leadeth
Us to His table here,
This is the love that spreadeth
For us this royal cheer.

## THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

OPPRESSED with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat;
No shade like this for me!

Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst,
No spring like this for me!

A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent;
No home like this for me!

For burdened ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness;
No rest like this for me!

## CHRIST OUR PEACE.

I THOUGHT upon my sins, and I was sad,
My soul was troubled sore and filled with pain;
But then I thought on Jesus and was glad,
My heavy grief was turned to joy again.

I thought upon the law, the fiery law,
Holy, and just, and good in its decree;
I looked to Jesus, and in Him I saw
That law fulfilled, its curse endured for me.

## *CHRIST OUR PEACE.*

I thought I saw an angry frowning God
Sitting as Judge upon the great white throne;
My soul was overwhelmed; then Jesus shewed
His gracious face, and all my dread was gone.

I saw my sad estate, condemned to die,
Then terror seized my heart, and dark despair;
But when to Calvary I turned my eye,
I saw the cross, and read forgiveness there.

I saw that I was lost, far gone astray,
No hope of safe return there seemed to be;
But then I heard that Jesus was the way,
A new and living way prepared for me.

Then in that way, so free, so safe, so sure,
Sprinkled all o'er with reconciling blood,
Will I abide, and never wander more,
Walking along in fellowship with God.

## CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

He wakeneth morning by morning; He wakeneth mine ear to hear.—*Isa.* l. 4.

THE morning, the bright and the beautiful morning
Is up, and the sunshine is all on the wing;
With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape adorning,
A gladness which nothing but morning can bring.
The earth is awaking, the sky and the ocean,
The river and forest, the mountain and plain;
The city is stirring its living commotion,
And the pulse of the world is reviving again.

And we too awake, for our heavenly Father,
Who soothed us so gently to sleep on His breast,
And made the soft stillness of evening to gather
Around us, now calls us again from our rest.
But ere to our labours and duties returning,
We hasten to give Him the praise that is meet,
And in solemn devotion, the first hours of morning,
Our freest and freshest we lay at His feet.

Then, happy in heart, not a moment delaying,
In the breeze of the dawning so pleasant and cool,
No loitering, no lingering, no trifling, no playing,
But eager and active, we haste to the school.
How sweet are its hours that shine o'er us so brightly;
How pleasant its lessons, how short seems the day;
Its hours are but moments, they fly off so lightly,
When we are so busy, so cheerful, and gay.

Then away to the school in the sweet summer morning,
God's blessing upon us, His light on our road;
And let all the lessons we daily are learning,
Be only to bring us more surely to God.
Oh now, let us haste to our heavenly Father,
And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be dim,
Let us come with glad hearts, let us come altogether,
And the morn of our youth let us hallow to Him.

## TO M. L. B.

NO night descend on thee;
O'er thee no shadows come!
Safe be thy journey through
This vale of cloud and gloom.

Daybreak be ever thine;
With fresh and rosy hours,
Calm sunshine of the morn,
Odours, and dews, and flowers.

Light dwell in thee, and thou
Dwell ever in the light;
No wrinkle on thy brow,
Thine eye still blue and bright.

One long sweet spring be thine,
With buds still bursting through;
Fresh blossoms every hour,
And verdure fair and new.

Peace be thy gentle guest,
Peace holy and divine,
God's blessed sunlight still,
Upon thy pathway shine.

His Spirit fill thy soul,
And cast out every sin,
His own deep joy impart,
And make a heaven within.

## THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast,
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert-spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

## SURSUM CORDA.

GO up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere.

Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim;
Go up to heaven and God,
Take up thy love to Him.

Waste not thy precious stores
On creature-love below;
To God that wealth belongs,
On Him that wealth bestow.

Go up, reluctant heart,
Take up thy rest above;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts,
Ascend, my lingering love!

## THE HEAVENLY SOWING.

SOWER divine!
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough barren soil,
Yet by Thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field
An hundredfold to yield.
Sower divine,
Plough up this heart of mine!

Sower divine!
Quit not this wretched field,
Till thou hast made it yield,
Sow thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light.

Stay not Thy hand, but sow ;
Then shall the harvest grow.
Sower divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine!

Sower divine!
Let not this barren clay
Lead Thee to turn away ;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke Thee not to bless ;
Let not this field be dry :
Refresh it from on high.
Sower divine,
Water this heart of mine !

## COMPANIONSHIP.

NOT with the light and vain,
The man of idle feet and wanton eyes ;
Not with the world's gay, ever-smiling train ;
My lot be with the grave and wise.

Not with the trifler gay,
To whom life seems but sunshine on the wave,
Not with the empty idler of the day ;
My lot be with the wise and grave.

Not with the jesting fool,
  Who knows not what to sober truth is due,
Whose words fly out without or aim or rule ;
  My lot be with the wise and true.

Not with the man of dreams,
  In whose bright words no truth nor wisdom lies,
Dazzling the fervent youth with mystic gleams,
  My lot be with the simply wise.

With them I'd walk each day,
  From them time's solemn lessons would I learn ;
That false from true, and true from false I may
  Each hour more patiently discern.

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

**Ecce mundus turbat et amatur, quid si tranquillus esset.—*Augustine.***

TRUST not these seas again,
  Though smooth and fair :
Trust not these waves again,
  Shipwreck is there.

Trust not these stars again,
  Though bright and fair :
Trust not these skies again,
  Tempest is there.

## *DISAPPOINTMENT.*

Trust not that breeze again,
Gentle and fair;
Trust not these clouds again,
Lightning is there.

Trust not that isle again,
Flower-crowned and fair;
Trust not its rocks again,
Earthquake is there.

Trust not these flowers again,
Fragrant and fair;
Trust not that rose again,
Blighting is there.

Trust not that earth again,
Verdant and fair;
Trust not its fields again,
Winter is there.

Trust not these hopes again,
Sunny and fair;
Trust not that smile again,
Peril is there.

Trust not this world again,
Smiling and fair;
Trust not its sweets again,
Wormwood is there.

Trust not its love again,
Sparkling and fair;
Trust not its joy again,
Sorrow is there.

## THE TIME TO MEET.

THIS autumn now:
And as we part,
The dry brown leaf
Is rustling o'er the ground;
Making the sadness sadder, and the cloud
Of the long farewell deeper in its gloom.

Not thus let us meet;
'Mid falling leaves
And sere, frost-stricken flowers;
But when the leaf is budding in its freshness,
And the rich blossom putting forth its gladness.

Not thus let us meet;
It is too sad;
But when the buried verdure
Is coming up to meet the joyous sun,
When the new spring looks round upon the hills,
Full of youth's buoyant promise and bright song,
Then let us meet.

Yes, when the spring-breeze blows,
And the gay garden blooms,
And the wide forest waves with budding green,
And the freed streamlet warbles through the broom,

And the clear air takes up the happy note
Of skylark singing to the rosy dawn,
Then let us meet;
And meeting, cheer each other's weary heart
With the dear hope of everlasting spring,
And the fair land that spreads beneath the slopes
Of the eternal hills,
Where nothing dies;
Where nothing fades;
But all is without ending or decay,
The sky, the sun, the light,
The peace, the truth, the love,
And above all, the joy!

## IT IS FINISHED.

BLESSED be God, our God!
Who gave for us His well-beloved Son,
His gift of gifts, all other gifts in one.
Blessed be God, our God!

What will He not bestow?
Who freely gave this mighty gift, unbought,
Unmerited, unheeded, and unsought,
What will He not bestow?





*EVER NEAR.*

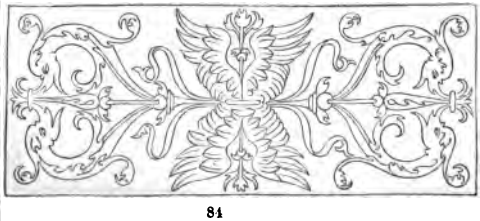
He spared not His Son!
'Tis this that silences each rising fear,
'Tis this that bids the hard thought disappear,
He spared not His Son!

Who shall condemn us now?
Since Christ has died, and ris'n, and gone above,
For us to plead at the right hand of love,
Who shall condemn us now?

'Tis God that justifies!
Who shall recal the pardon or the grace,
Or who the broken chain of guilt replace?
'Tis God that justifies!

The victory is ours!
For us in might came forth the Mighty One,
For us He fought the fight, the triumph won;
The victory is ours!







## EVER NEAR.



CLOSE my heavy eye,—
Saviour, ever near!
I lift my soul on high
Through the darkness drear.
Be Thou my light, I cry,
Saviour, ever dear!

I feel Thine arms around,
Saviour, ever near!
With Thee let me be found,
So shall I never fear,
Whatever ills abound;
Saviour, ever dear!

Thine is the day and night,
Saviour, ever near;
Thine is the dark and light;
Be Thou my covert here;
O shield me with Thy might,
Saviour, ever dear!

And when I come to die,
Saviour, ever near,
Receive my parting sigh;
And in the hour of fear,
Be to my spirit nigh,
Saviour, ever dear!

## THE FRIEND.

THERE is a star in yonder sky,
Above all stars it seems to shine,
'Tis long since first it fixed my eye,
And I have learned to call it mine.

It rose out of my own blue sea,
Then passed above those mountains green,
Moving along all placidly
As if it loved to watch the scene.

Far up the heavens it floated slow,
Gleaming across yon solemn tower,
As if it loved the scene below;—
A willing lingerer hour by hour.

It seemed to take its place each night,
A sentinel to guard my rest,
An eye of love and gentle light,
Pouring sweet thoughts into my breast.

In through my lattice as I lay
Half-soothed to sleep, it nightly shone;
And, as I gazed upon its ray,
I felt that I was not alone.

What tears that gentle star has dried,
What joy that sparkling orb has given;
Thoughts for this earth too high, too wide,
Dreams of its own all-radiant heaven.

It spoke of day beyond this night,
In the glad land where all is fair;
It pointed to the home of light,
And bid me rest my spirit there.

It spoke of Him whose love is light,
Whose death is life, whose cross is peace,
Whose favour is the star of night,
The source and pledge of endless bliss.

May I not love that star on high?
May not its light the fairest seem?
May I not trace a loving eye,
A kindly smile in every beam?

## SUMMER GLADNESS.

WHAT a world with all its sorrows!
What a scene, would it but stay;
What an earth, if all its morrows
Were as fair as this "to-day!"

When earth's summer-pulse is beating
With the fever-fire of June,
And the flowers fling up their greeting,
Quivering to the joyous noon.

When the streamlet, smiling gladly,
  Hurries calmly, brightly by,
Not a voice around speaks sadly,
  Not a murmur nor a sigh.

Sunbeams, with their fond caresses,
  Smooth each rosebud's velvet fold,
Lingering in the glowing tresses
  Of yon rich laburnum's gold.

Nature all its gay adorning
  Opens to the day's bright bliss,
Like a child at early morning,
  Wakened by its mother's kiss.

What a world when all its sorrow
  Shall for ever pass away!
What an earth! when each "to-morrow"
  Shall be fairer than "to-day."

## THE BLANK.

THE flowers of Spring have come and gone;
  Bright were the blossoms, brief their stay;
They shone, and they were shone upon,
  They flourished, faded, passed away.



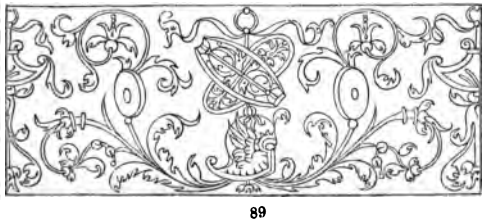
## *THE BLANK.*

So, hidden from our sorrowing eyes,
Our young, sweet, spring-bloom buried lies;
One blast of earth swept o'er the flower,
It died, the blossom of an hour.

The summer-flowers are freshly blowing
Beneath glad July's genial morn;
Like smiles the face of earth bestrowing,
For fragrance and for beauty born;
My summer-flower has passed away;
'Tis now a blank, where all was gay,—
A blank, where at each evening's close,
I hoped to watch my budding rose.

Soon Autumn, with o'erflowing measure,
Will hang, upon each bending tree,
The clusters of its golden treasure,
The life of earth's vast family.
Alas, in one disastrous hour,
From my green vine has fallen the flower;
A blighted hue its branches wear,
My autumn-tree looks cold and bare.

And winter, with its blast wide-roaming,
In cloud and darkness shall come forth;
Beneath its grave of snow entombing
The varied verdure of the earth.
But my sweet blossom safely laid,
Beneath yon cloister's solemn shade,
In gentle undisturbed repose,
Shall sleep in winter's grave of snows.



## CHOOSE WELL.

O quam dulce, quam jucundum
Erit tunc odisse mundum;
Et quam triste, quam amarum
Mundum habuisse carum.

*Old Hymn.*

DEAD in sin!
Wilt thou still choose to die
The death of deaths eternally?
Dost thou not fear the gloom
Of the eternal tomb?

O dead to life!
Wilt thou the life from heaven
Reject? the life so freely given;
Wilt thou choose sin and tears
Through everlasting years?

O dead to Christ!
Wilt thou despise the love
Of Him who stooped from joy above,
To shame on earth for thee,
That He might set thee free?

O dead to God!
Wilt thou not seek His face?
Wilt thou not turn and own the grace?
Wilt thou not take the heaven,
So freely to thee given?

## 'TWAS I THAT DID IT.

I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien:
Their shouts of "Crucify" appal,
With blasphemy between.

And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognize my own.

I see the scourges tear His back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock,
I feel that I am one.

Around yon cross, the throng I see,
Mocking the sufferer's groan,
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

Yet not the less that blood avails,
To cleanse away my sin;
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within.

## PASSING THROUGH.

I WALK as one who knows that he is
treading
A stranger-soil;
As one round whom a serpent-world is
spreading
Its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday delivered
From a sharp chain;
Who trembles lest the bond so newly severed
Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing
Ungenial air;
For whom, as wiles, the tempter still is
wreathing
The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger,
For sin is near;
But, looking up, I pass along, a stranger,
In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me
downward;
Its spell is gone;
My course is now right upward, and right
onward,
To yonder throne.

Hour after hour of time's dark night is stealing
In gloom away;
Speed thy fair dawn of light and joy and healing,
Thou Star of day!

For thee its God, its King, the long-rejected,
Earth groans and cries;
For thee the long-beloved, the long-expected,
Thy Bride still sighs!

## FORWARD.

SHALL this life of mine be wasted?
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?
Shall true joy pass by untasted,
And this soul remain unfilled?

Shall the God-given hours be scattered,
Like the leaves upon the plain?
Shall the blossoms die unwatered
By the drops of heavenly rain?

Shall I see each fair sun waking,
And not feel it wakes for me?
Each glad morning brightly breaking,
And not feel it breaks for me?

Shall I see the roses blowing,
And not wish to bloom as they?
Holy fragrance round me throwing,
Luring others on the way.

## *FORWARD.*

Shall I hear the free bird singing,
In the summer's stainless sky,
Far aloft its glad flight winging,
And not seek to soar as high?

Shall this heart still spend its treasures
On the things that fade and die?
Shall it court the hollow pleasures
Of bewildering vanity?

Shall these lips of mine be idle?
Shall I open them in vain?
Shall I not, with God's own bridle,
Their frivolities restrain?

Shall these eyes of mine still wander?
Or, no longer turned afar,
Fix a firmer gaze and fonder
On the bright and morning Star?

Shall these feet of mine, delaying,
Still in ways of sin be found,
Braving snares, and madly straying
On the world's bewitching ground?

No, I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams or sin!
No, I must not, dare not stifle
Longings such as these within!

Swiftly moving, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne;
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn!

Where the Cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be.

Then no longer idly dreaming
Shall I fling my years away;
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Wait for the eternal day!

## FOLLOW THOU ME.

RESTORE to me the freshness of my youth,
And give me back my soul's keen edge again,
That time has blunted! O, my early truth,—
Shall I not you regain?
Ah, mine has been a wasted life at best,
All unreality and long unrest;
Yes, I have lived in vain!

But now no more in vain; my soul, awake,
Shake off the snare, untwist the fastening chain:
Arise, go forth, the selfish slumber break,
Thy idle dreams restrain!

## *FOLLOW THOU ME.*

Still half thy life before thee lies untrod;—
Live for the endless living, live for God;
I must not live in vain!

My God! the way is rough, and sad the night,
And my soul faints and breathes this weeping strain;
And the world hates me with its bitterest spite,—
For I have left its train,
With Thee and with Thy saints to cast my lot;
Ah, my dear Lord, let me not be forgot,
Let me not live in vain!

Can we not part in silence, since for ever,
This world and I? From scorn and taunt refrain?
Must it still hate and wound? still stir the fever
Of this poor throbbing brain?
Ah, yes, it must be so, my God, my God;
'Tis the true discipline, the needed rod,
Else I should live in vain!

The foe is strong, his venomed rage I dread,
Yet, O my God, do Thou his wrath restrain;
Shield me in battle, soothe my aching head
In the sharp hour of pain:
But more than this, oh, give me toiling faith,
Large-hearted love, and zeal unto the death;
Let me not live in vain.

Restore to me the freshness of my youth,
And give me back my soul's keen edge again:
Ah, let my spring return! bright hope and truth
Shall I not you regain?
No wasted life, my God, shall mine now be,
Hours, days, and years filled up with toil for Thee:
I shall not live in vain!

## THE SHEPHERDS' PLAIN.

Dum servant *oves* invenerunt *Agnum* Dei.
*Jerome.*

BLESSED night, when first that plain
Echoed with the joyful strain,—
"Peace has come to earth again."

Blessed hills, that heard the song
Of the glorious angel-throng,
Swelling all your slopes along.

Happy shepherds, on whose ear
Fell the tidings glad and dear,
"God to man is drawing near."

Happy shepherds, on whose eye
Shone the glory from on high,
Of the heavenly Majesty.







Happy, happy Bethlehem,
Judah's least but brightest gem,
Where the rod from Jesse's stem,

Scion of a princely race,
Sprung in heaven's own perfect grace,
Yet in feeble lowliness.

This, the woman's promised seed
Abram's mighty son indeed;
Succourer of earth's great need.

This the victor in our war,
This the glory seen afar,
This the light of Jacob's star!

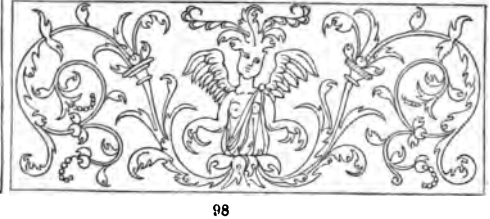
Happy Judah, rise and own
Him, the heir of David's throne,
David's Lord, and David's Son.

Babe of promise, born at last,
After weary ages past,
When our hopes were overcast.

Babe of weakness, can it be,
That earth's last great victory
Is to be achieved by Thee?

Child of meekness, can it be,
That the proud rebellious knee
Of this world shall bend to Thee?

Child of poverty, art Thou
He to whom all heaven shall bow,
And all earth shall pay the vow?











Can that feeble head alone
Bear the weight of such a crown
As belongs to David's Son?

Can these helpless hands of Thine
Wield a sceptre so divine,
As belongs to Jesse's line?

Heir of pain and toil, whom none
In this evil day will own,
Art Thou the Eternal One?

Thou, o'er whom the sword and rod
Wave, in haste to drink Thy blood,
Art Thou very Son of God?

Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,
Entering earth in lowly guise,—

Entering by this narrow door,
Laid upon this rocky floor,
Placed in yonder manger poor!

We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing;
Our best off'ring to Thee bring.

Guarded by the shepherds' rod,
'Mid their flock Thy poor abode,
Thus we own Thee, Lamb of God!

Lamb of God, Thy lowly name,—
King of kings, we Thee proclaim;
Heaven and earth shall hear its fame.





Bearer of our sins' sad load,
Wielder of the iron rod,
Judah's Lion, Lamb of God!

Mighty King of righteousness,
King of glory, King of peace,
Never shall Thy kingdom cease!

Thee, earth's heir and Lord we own;
Raise again its fallen throne,
Take its everlasting crown.

Blessed Babe of Bethlehem,
Owner of earth's diadem,
Claim, and wear the radiant gem.

Scatter darkness with Thy light,
End the sorrows of our night,
Speak the word, and all is bright.

Spoil the spoiler of the earth,
Bring creation's second birth,
Promised day of song and mirth.

'Tis Thine Israel's voice that calls,
Build again Thy Salem's walls,
Dwell within her holy halls.

'Tis Thy Church's voice that cries,
Rend these long unrended skies,
Bridegroom of the Church, arise.

Take to Thee Thy power, and reign,
Purify this earth again;
Cleanse it from each curse and stain.

Sun of peace, no longer stay,
Let the shadows flee away,
And the long night end in day.

Let the dayspring from on high,
That arose in Judah's sky,
Cover earth eternally.

Babe of Bethlehem, to Thee,
Infant of eternity,
Everlasting glory be !

## COME, LORD.

Senuit mundus.—*Augustine.*

COME, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;—
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

## *COME, LORD.*

Come, for Thy Israel pines,
  An exile from Thy fold;
Oh, call to mind Thy faithful word,
  And bless them as of old.

Come, for Thy foes are strong;
  With taunting lip they say,
"Where is the promised Advent now,
  And where the dreaded day?"

Come, for the good are few;
  They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
  And love is on the wane.

Come, for the truth is weak,
  And error pours abroad
Its subtle poison o'er the earth,—
  An earth that hates her God.

Come, for love waxes cold,
  Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
  Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

Come, for the grave is full,
  Earth's tombs no more can hold,
The sated sepulchres rebel,
  And groans the heaving mould.

Come, for the corn is ripe,
  Put in Thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth;
  Sower and reaper Thou!

Come, in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

Come, spoil the strong man's house,
Bind him and cast him hence,
Show thyself stronger than the strong,
Thyself Omnipotence.

Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

Come and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace,
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

## THY WAY, NOT MINE.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way,
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

## LINKS.

ARE there not voices strangely sweet,
And tones of music strangely dear?
So lovingly the soul they greet,
So kindly steal they on the ear.



## *LINKS.*

We know not why they strike so deep,
We cannot tell the secret spring
Within us, which they wake from sleep,
Nor how such thoughts their notes can bring.

We ask not why nor how they thrill
So keenly through the inmost soul;
And why, when ceased, we listen still,
As though they yet upon us stole.

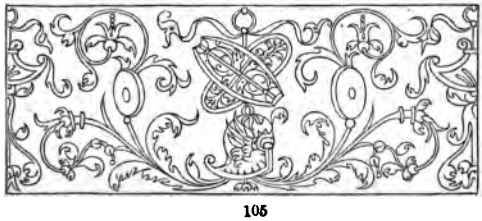
We feel the sweetness of the voice;
We love the richness of the tone;
It makes us sorrow or rejoice,
Compelling us its power to own.

Are there not words, too, strangely sweet,
Thoughts, musings, memories, strangely dear?
So lovingly the soul they greet,
So gently steal they on the ear!

Common the words may be and weak,
The passing stranger owns them not;
To other ears in vain they speak,
Unknown, unrelished, or forgot.

Rich in old thoughts, these words appear,
Part of our being's mighty whole;
Linked with our life's strange story here,
Knit to each feeling of our soul.

Linked with the scenes of days gone past,
With all life's earnest hopes and fears,
Linked with the smiles that did not last,
The joys and griefs of faded years.



## *LINKS.*

Linked with old dreams once dreamt in youth,
When dreams were gladder, truer things,
When each night's vision of bright truth,
Lent to each buoyant day its wings.

Linked with the whisper of the trees,
When summer-eves were fair and still;
Set to the music of the breeze,
Or murmur of the twilight rill.

Linked with some scene of sacred calm,
Of holy places, holy days;
Linked with the prayer, the hymn, the psalm,
The multitude's glad voice of praise.

Linked with the names of holy men,
Martyr, or saint, or brother dear;
Some parted, ne'er to meet again,
Some still our fellow-pilgrims here.

Linked with that Name of names, the name
Of Him who bought us with His blood;
Who bore for us the wrath and shame,
The Virgin's Son, the Christ of God.

## THE CITY.

THOU art no child of the city!
Hadst thou known it as I have done,
Thou would'st not have smiled with pity,
As if joy were with thee alone;

With thee the unfettered ranger
Of the forest and moorland free:
As if gloom and toil and danger
Could alone in a city be.

The smoke, the din, and the bustle
Of the city, I know them well,
And I know the gentle rustle
Of the leaves in your breezy dell.

Day's hurry and evening's riot
In the city, I know them all;
I know too the loving quiet
Of your glen at the day's sweet fall.

I know too each grim old alley,
With the blanch'd ray flickering through;
I know each sweep of your valley,
Where the rosy light dies in dew.

I know too the stifling sadness
Of the summer-noon's sultry street;
I've breathed the air of your gladness,
Where the streams and the breezes meet.

I know the dun haunts of fever,
Where the blossoms of youth decay;
I know where your free broad river
Sweeps disease on its breast away.

Yet despite your earnest pity,
And despite its own smoke and din,
I cling to yon crowded city,
Though I shrink from its woe and sin.

For I know its boundless measure,
Of the true, and the good, and fair;
Its vast and far-gathered treasure,
And the wealth of soul that is there.

You may smile, or sneer, or pity,
You may fancy it weak and strange;
My eye to yon smoky city,
Still returns from its widest range.

My heart, in its inmost beatings,
Ever lingers around its homes;
My soul wakes up in its greetings,
To the gleam of its spires and domes.

You call it life's weary common,
At the best but an idle fair,
The market of man and woman,—
But the choice of the race are there.

The wonders of life and gladness,
All the wonders of hope and fear;
The wonders of death and sadness,
All the wonders of time are there.

## *THE CITY.*

In your lone lake's still face yonder,
By your rivulet's bursting glee,
Deep truth I may read and ponder,
Of the earth and its mystery.

There seems, in yon city's motion,
Yet a mightier truth for me;
'Tis the sound of life's great ocean,
'Tis the tide of the human sea.

O'er the fields of earth lie scattered,
Noble fruitage and blossoms rare;
Yon city the store has gathered,
And the garner of hearts is there.

You may prize the lonely lustre
Of your pearl or emerald green;
What is that to the gorgeous cluster
On the brow of the crowned Queen?

And the home to which I'm hasting,
Is not in some silent glen;
The place where my hopes are resting,
Is a city of living men.

The crowds are there; but the sadness
Is fled, with the toil and pain;
Nought is heard but the song of gladness;
'Tis the city of holy men.

And wilt thou my sad fate pity,
Wilt thou grieve o'er my heavy doom,
When within that resplendent city,
I shall find my glorious home?

## HOW WE LEARN.

GREAT truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer-dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest from the well-ploughed field;
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

## THIS PRESENT EVIL WORLD.

Væ tibi flumen moris humani! Quis resistit tibi? Quamdiu non siccaberis?—*Augustine.*

THE stream was deeper than I thought,
When first I ventured near;
I stood upon its sloping edge
Without a rising fear.

It woke in ripples at my feet,
As the quick breeze swept by,
And caught the sunlight on its face,
Like blossoms from the sky.

It sung its quiet May-day song
To its old summer tune;
And the light willow-boughs above
Shook to the glowing noon.

It seemed to stop; then eddied on;
It smiled up to the day;
It deepened; then spread out its waves,
And stole in light away.

## *THIS PRESENT EVIL WORLD.*

O streams of earthly love and joy,
On whose green banks we dwell,
Gleaming in beauty to the eye,
Ye promise fair and well!

Ye charm the sunbeams from the air,
The fragrance from the flowers,
The blossoms from the budding tree,
The wealth of summer hours.

Ye bid us come and take them all
From your enchanted blue:
Ye tell us but to stoop and taste
The joy, and scent, and hue.

Ye lure us, and we venture in,
Cheated by sun and smiles;
Ye tempt us, and we brave your depths,
Won by your winning wiles.

Too deep and strong for us!—We glide
Down your deceiving wave;
Like men by siren song beguiled
On to a siren grave.

O world, with all thy smiles and loves,
With all thy song and wine,
What mockery of human hearts,
What treachery is thine!

Thou woundest, but thou canst not heal,
Thy words are warbled lies;
Thy hand contains the poisoned cup,
And he who drinks it dies.

O world, there's fever in thy touch,
And frenzy in thine eye;
To lose and shun thee is to live,
To win thee is to die!

## BE TRUE.

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

## HOW LONG?

MY God, it is not fretfulness
That makes me say, "How long?"
It is not heaviness of heart
That hinders me in song;
'Tis not despair of truth and right,
Nor coward dread of wrong.

But how can I, with such a hope
Of glory and of home;
With such a joy before my eyes,
Not wish the time were come,—
Of years the jubilee, of days
The Sabbath and the sum?

These years, what ages they have been!
This life, how long it seems!
And how can I, in evil days,
'Mid unknown hills and streams,
But sigh for those of home and heart,
And visit them in dreams?

Yet peace, my heart; and hush, my tongue;
Be calm, my troubled breast;
Each restless hour is hastening on
The everlasting rest:
Thou knowest that the time thy God
Appoints for thee, is best.

Let faith, not fear nor fretfulness,
  Awake the cry, "How long?"
Let no faint-heartedness of soul
  Damp thy aspiring song:
Right comes, truth dawns, the night departs
  Of error and of wrong.

## ALL IS WELL.

IF my bark be strong,
  If my anchor sure,
Then let billow upon billow beat;
  Am I not secure?
On the dreariest, wildest sea,
What are winds to me?

Up between the stars
  Spreads night's tranquil blue;
Not one ruffle, not one wrinkle there
  Blots the changeless hue.
Storms of earth for earth are given;
But they reach not heaven!

To that heaven I go,
  To that starland bright,
Where the sea is ever smooth and fair,
  And the sky all bright;
Never heavy, pale, or dull;
Starland beautiful!

Therefore am I calm,
Peace and love within.
That dear light that on me gently falls,
Casts out fear and sin.
As my home above is, so
Am I now below.

## WHO ARE THESE, AND WHENCE CAME THEY?

Et de Hierosolymis et de Britannia æqualiter patet aula cœlestis.—JEROME, *Ep. ad Paulinum.*

NOT from Jerusalem alone,
To heaven the path ascends;
As near, as sure, as straight the way
That leads to the celestial day,
From farthest realms extends
Frigid or torrid zone.

What matters how or whence we start?
One is the crown to all;
One is the hard but glorious race,
Whatever be our starting-place;—
Rings round the earth the call
That says, Arise, Depart!

## *AND WHENCE CAME THEY?*

From the balm-breathing, sun-loved isles
  Of the bright Southern Sea,
    From the dead North's cloud-shadow'd
      pole,
    We gather to one gladsome goal,
  One common home in thee,
City of sun and smiles!

The cold rough billow hinders none;
  Nor helps the calm, fair main;
    The brown rock of Norwegian gloom,
    The verdure of Tahitian bloom,
  The sands of Mizraim's plain,
Or peaks of Lebanon.

As from the green lands of the vine,
  So from the snow-wastes pale,
    We find the ever open road
    To the dear city of our God;
  From Russian steppe, or Burman vale,
Or terraced Palestine.

Not from swift Jordan's sacred stream
  Alone we mount above;
    Indus or Danube, Thames or Rhone,
    Rivers unsainted and unknown;—
  From each, the home of love
Beckons with heavenly gleam.

Not from grey Olivet alone
  We see the gates of light;
    From Morven's heath or Jungfrau's snow

We welcome the descending glow
Of pearl and chrysolite,
And the unsetting sun.

Not from Jerusalem alone
The Church ascends to God;
Strangers of every tongue and clime,
Pilgrims of every land and time,
Throng the well-trodden road
That leads up to the throne.

## THE NEW JERUSALEM.

BATHED in unfallen sunlight,
Itself a sun-born gem,
Fair gleams the glorious city,
The new Jerusalem!
City fairest,
Splendour rarest,
Let me gaze on thee!

Calm in her queenly glory,
She sits, all joy and light;
Pure in her bridal beauty,
Her raiment festal-white!
Home of gladness,
Free from sadness,
Let me dwell in thee!

Shading her golden pavement
The tree of life is seen,
Its fruit-rich branches waving,
Celestial evergreen.
Tree of wonder,
Let me under
Thee for ever rest!

Fresh from the throne of Godhead,
Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream.
Blessed river,
Let me ever
Feast my eye on thee!

Stream of true life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace;
No harps by thee hang silent,
Nor happy voices cease.
Tranquil river,
Let me ever
Sit and sing by thee!

River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near;
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here.
Holy river,
Let me ever
Drink of only thee.

## THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

NO joy is true, save that which hath no end;
No life is true, save that which liveth ever;
No health is sound, save that which God doth send;
No love is real, save that which changeth never.

Heaven were no heaven, if its dear light could fade;
If its fair glory could hereafter wane;
If its sweet skies could suffer stain or shade,
Or its soft breezes waft one note of pain.

And what would be the city of the just,
If time could shake its battlements, or age
Could crumble down its palaces to dust,
Or with its towers victorious warfare wage.

If its pure river could sink low or cease,
Or its rich palm-boughs shed the leaf and die;
If there could pass upon its loveliness
One darkening taint of time's mortality;

If its high harmonies could lose their tone,
Or one of its glad songs could silenced be;
If, of its voices, even the feeblest one
Should falter in the glorious melody;



## *THE INCORRUPTIBLE.*

If one of all its stars should e'er grow faint,
  Or one of its bright lamps should e'er burn low;
If, through its happy air, decay's dull taint
  Should for a moment its dark poison throw!

But no. Its beauty is for ever vernal;
  Its glory is the glory of its King,
Undying, incorruptible, eternal;
  And ever new the songs its dwellers sing.

Its wandering winds need breathe no balm for healing,
  For all is health beneath its loving skies;
Hour welcomes hour, fresh youth and bloom revealing;
  There, 'tis not death that lives and life that dies.

Life lives, and death has died; the rifled tomb
  Has yielded back its long-imprisoned clay;
The dreaded conqueror is overcome,
  And mortal night is now immortal day.

O heaven of heavens, how true thy life must be!
  O home of God, how excellent thy light!
O long, long summer of eternity,
  Bright noon of angels, ever clear and bright!

Glad jubilee, with nothing to disturb,
  When the great *Hallel* of the purgèd earth
Rings round the universe, from orb to orb,
  As when the sons of God sang o'er its birth.



Then, bondage broken and the Red Sea passed,
We sing the song of Moses and the Lamb;
Earth's battles o'er, the kingdom won at last,
With joy we join creation's endless psalm.

## THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB IS COME.

ASCEND, Beloved, to the joy;
The festal-day has come;
To-night the Lamb doth feast His own,
To-night He with His Bride sits down,
To-night puts on the spousal crown,
In the great upper room.

Ascend, beloved, to the love;
This is the day of days;
To-night the bridal-song is sung,
To-night ten thousand harps are strung,
In sympathy with heart and tongue,
Unto the Lamb's high praise.

The festal lamps are lighting now
In the great marriage-hall;
By angel-hands the board is spread,
By angel-hands the sacred bread
Is on the golden table laid;
The King His own doth call.

## *THE LAMB IS COME.*

The gems are gleaming from the roof,
  Like stars in night's round dome;
The festal wreaths are hanging there,
The festal fragrance fills the air,
And flowers of heaven, divinely fair,
  Unfold their happy bloom.

Long, long deferred, now come at last,
  The Lamb's glad wedding-day;
The guests are gathering to the feast,
The seats in heavenly order placed,
The royal throne above the rest;
  How bright the new array!

Sorrow and sighing are no more,
  The weeping hours are past;
To-night the waiting will be done,
To-night the wedding-robe put on,
The glory and the joy begun;
  The crown has come at last.

Without, within, is light, is light;
  Around, above, is love:
We enter, to go out no more,
We raise the song unsung before,
We doff the sackcloth that we wore;
  For all is joy above.

Ascend, Beloved, to the life;
  Our days of death are o'er;
Mortality has done its worst,
The fetters of the tomb are burst,
The last has now become the first,
  For ever, evermore.

Ascend, Beloved, to the feast;
Make haste, thy day is come;
Thrice bless'd are they the Lamb doth call
To share the heavenly festival,
In the new Salem's palace hall,
Our everlasting home!

## THE LOST SOUL.

O quam grave, quam immite
A sinistris erit Ite.—*Old Hymn.*

DESCEND, O sinner, to the woe!
Thy day of hope is done;
Light shall revisit thee no more,
Life with its sanguine dreams is o'er,
Love reaches not yon awful shore;
For ever sets thy sun!

Pass down to the eternal dark;
Yet not for rest nor sleep;
Thine is the everlasting tomb,
Thine the inexorable doom,
The moonless, mornless, sunless gloom,
Where souls for ever weep.

Depart, lost soul, thy tears to weep,
Thy never-drying tears;
To sigh the never-ending sigh,
To send up the unheeded cry,
Into the unresponding sky,
Whose silence mocks thy fears.

## THE LOST SOUL.

Call upon God; He hears no more;
  Call upon death; 'tis dead;
Ask the live lightnings in their flight,
Seek for some sword of hell and night,
The worm that never dies to smite;
  No weapon strikes its head.

Thou livest, and must ever live;
  But life is now thy foe;
Thine is the sorrow-shrivelled brow,
Thine the eternal heartache now,
'Neath the long burden thou must bow,
  The living death of woe.

Thy songs are at an end; thy harp
  Shall solace thee no more;
All mirth has perished on thy grave,
  The melody that could not save
Has died upon death's sullen wave
That flung thee on this shore.

Earth, with its waves, and woods, and winds,
  Its stars, and suns, and streams,
Its joyous air and gentle skies,
Filled with all happy melodies,
Has passed, or, with dark memories,
  Comes back in torturing dreams.

Never again shalt thou behold,
  As when a bounding boy,
The fresh buds of the fragrant spring,
Its song-birds on their April wing,
And all its vales a-blossoming;
  Or summer's rosy joy.

No river of forgetfulness,
As poets dreamed and sung,
Rolls yonder to efface the past,
To quench the sense of what thou wast,
To soothe or end thy pain at last,
Or cool thy burning tongue.

No God is there; no Christ; for HE,
Whose word on earth was, COME,
Hath said, DEPART: go, lost one, go,
Reap the sad harvest thou didst sow,
Join yon lost angels in their woe,
Their prison is thy home.

Descend, O sinner, to the gloom!
Hear the deep judgment knell
Send forth its terror-shrieking sound
These walls of adamant around,
And filling to its utmost bound
Thy woful, woful hell.

Depart, O sinner, to the chain!
Enter the eternal cell;
To all that's good, and true, and right,
To all that's fond, and fair, and bright,
To all of holiness and light,
Bid thou thy last farewell!

## THE END OF THE DAY.

COME, for thy day, thy wasted day, is closing,
With all its joy and sun;
Bright, loving hours have passed thee by unheeded;
Thy work on earth undone,
And all thy race unrun.

Folly and pleasure hast thou still been chasing
With the world's giddy throng,
Beauty and love have been thy golden idols;
And thou hast rushed along,
Still list'ning to their song!

Sorrow and weeping thou hast cast behind thee,
For what were tears to thee?
Life was not life without the smile and sunshine;
Only in revelry
Did wisdom seem to be.

Unclasp, O man, the syren hand of pleasure,
Let the gay folly go!
A few quick years will bring the unwelcome ending;
Then whither dost thou go,
To endless joy or woe?

Clasp a far truer hand, a kinder, stronger,
Of Him the crucified;
Let in a deeper love into thy spirit,
The love of Him who died,
And now is glorified!

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

O LOVE of God, how strong and true!
Eternal and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill!
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.

O wide-embracing, wondrous love,
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

We read thee in the flowers, the trees,
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
The songs of birds upon the wing,
The joy of summer and of spring.

We read thee best in Him who came,
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

We read thee in the manger-bed,
On which His infancy was laid;
And Nazareth that love reveals,
Nestling amid its lonely hills.

We read thee in the tears once shed,
Over doomed Salem's guilty head,
In the cold tomb of Bethany,
And blood-drops of Gethsemane.

We read thy power to bless and save,
Even in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection-light,
We read the fulness of thy might.

O love of God, our shield and stay,
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever bless'd!

## THE TRUE BREAD.

TRUE bread of life, in pitying mercy given,
Long-famished souls to strengthen and to feed;
Christ Jesus, Son of God, true bread of heaven,
Thy flesh is meat, Thy blood is drink indeed.

I cannot famish, though this earth should fail,
Though life through all its fields should pine and die;
Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale,
And every stream of every land run dry.

True Tree of life! Of thee I eat and live,
Who eateth of thy fruit shall never die;
'Tis thine the everlasting health to give,
The youth and bloom of immortality.

Feeding on thee, all weakness turns to power,
This sickly soul revives, like earth in spring;
Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour,
This being seems all energy, all wing.

Jesus our dying, buried, risen Head,
Thy Church's Life and Lord, Immanuel!
At Thy dear cross we find the eternal bread,
And in Thy empty tomb the living well.

## THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou;
Sun and Shield for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

## *THE FIRST AND THE LAST.*

Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
  Wine and Bread for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
  Or refresh us never.
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine!

Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
  Life and Love for ever!
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
  Or to love us never.
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
  Joy and Peace for ever!
Joy that fades not, changes not,
  Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
  Strength and Song for ever!
Strength that never can decay,
  Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong.

## IN HIM WE LIVE.

I KNOW Thou art not far,
My God, from me; yon star
Speaks of Thy nearness, and its rays
Fall on me like Thy touch: Oh, raise
These heavy eyes of mine
To see Thy face, even Thine,
My Father and my God!

Thou speakest, and I hear!
What gracious heavenly cheer
Is in Thy gentle speech, my God!
How it lifts off the heavy load
Which bows my weary head,
And checks me in my speed,
My gracious God and Lord!

Thou knowest all I am,
My evil and my shame;
And yet, my God, Thou hat'st me not;
Nor hast Thou once, even once, forgot
Thy handiwork divine,
This helpless soul of mine,
My ever-loving Lord!

Thou wilt be nearer yet,
And one day I shall get
The fuller vision of Thy face,
In all its perfect light and grace;
Seeing Thee as Thou art,
Bearing in heaven my part,
My blessed King and God!

## THE LOVE THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

It is Thy perfect love that casts out fear;
I know the voice that speaks the "It is I;"
And in these well-known words of heavenly cheer,
I hear the joy that bids each sorrow fly.

Thy name is Love! I hear it from yon cross;
Thy name is Love! I read it in yon tomb;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

It blesses now, and shall for ever bless,
It saves me now, and shall for ever save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness;
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod,
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

I am all want and hunger; this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here;
Dear ones are leaving, and, as they depart,
Make room within for something yet more dear.

More of Thyself, Oh, shew me hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power,
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word!

## HE IS RISEN.

THE tomb is empty; wouldst thou have it full?
Still sadly clasping the unbreathing clay;—
O weak in faith, O slow of heart and dull,
To doat on darkness, and shut out the day!

## *HE IS RISEN.*

The tomb is empty; He Who, three short days,
After a sorrowing life's long weariness,
Found refuge in this rocky resting-place,
Has now ascended to the throne of bliss.

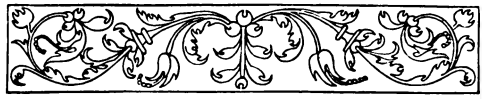
Here lay the Holy One, the Christ of God,
He Who for death gave death, and life for life;
Our heavenly Kinsman, our true flesh and blood;
Victor for us on hell's dark field of strife.

This was the Bethel, where, on stony bed,
While angels went and came from morn till even,
Our truer Jacob laid His wearied head;
This was to Him the very gate of heaven.

The Conqueror, not the conquered, He to Whom
The keys of death and of the grave belong,
Crossed the cold threshold of the stranger's tomb,
To spoil the spoiler and to bind the strong.

Here death had reigned; into no tomb like this
Had man's fell foe aforetime found his way;
So grand a trophy ne'er before was his,
So vast a treasure, so divine a prey.

But now his triumph ends; the rock-barred door
Is opened wide, and the Great Pris'ner gone;
Look round and see, upon the vacant floor
The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

## *HE IS RISEN.*

Yes, death's last hope, his strongest fort and prison
Is shattered, never to be built again;
And He, the mighty Captive, He is risen,
Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

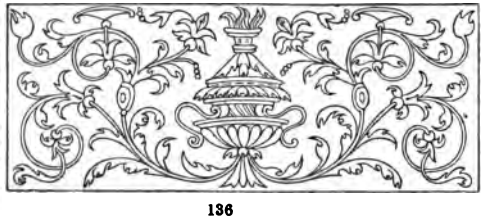
Yes, He is ris'n Who is the First and Last;
Who was and is; Who liveth and was dead;
Beyond the reach of death He now has passed;
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head.

The tomb is empty; so, ere long shall be
The tombs of all who in this Christ repose;
They died with Him Who died upon the tree,
They live and rise with Him Who lived and rose.

Death has not slain them; they are freed, not slain.
It is the gate of life, and not of death,
That they have entered; and the grave in vain
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

All that was death in them is now dissolved;
For death can only what is death's destroy;
And when this earth's short ages have revolved,
The disimprisoned life comes forth with joy.

Their life-long battle with disease and pain,
And mortal weariness, is over now;
Youth, health, and comeliness return again,
The tear has left the cheek, the sweat the brow.




They are not tasting death, but taking rest,
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,
Soon to awake, all glorified and blest,
When day has broke and shadows fled away.

## MUSINGS AND COUNSELS.

NOT so quickly, fretted spirit,
Lest thy speed but run to waste;
He is stedfast who believeth,
He who trusteth makes no haste.
For the God on Whom we call
Will carry us through all;
No plan of His can fail,
Not a wish but must prevail.
He is mighty, He alone;
Let His work be calmly done.
Not so slowly, sluggish spirit,
As if God and time would stay
For thee, the loitering dreamer,
Flinging hours and days away.
Up and toil withall thy might,
Noon is fading into night;
Like the ever-moving wave,
We are rushing to the grave;
Like the swiftly rising dew,
Earth is passing from our view.







Not so gaily, buoyant spirit;
Temper mirth with gentle fear;
Roses wither, leaves are falling,
'Tis not always summer here.
'Tis a brittle, hollow world,
With its brav'ry all unfurled,
Its banners streaming high,
And shouts of revelry.
Its day is coming fast,
And its madness cannot last.
Not so darkly, gloomy spirit;
Here are things of sprightlier hue.
Here are suns, and stars, and rainbows,
And a glorious arch of blue.
Earth is not all tears and woe,
There are bright things here below;
There is verdure on our hills,
There is music in our rills,
There is fragrance in our air;
In our homes the dear and fair.

Not so lightly, jesting spirit;
Do not trifle so with sin;
The gate of life is narrow,
There are few who enter in.
Setting God before thine eyes,
Be boldly good and wise;
Cherish grave and manly thought,
Buy the truth and sell it not;
To thyself and truth be true,
To thy friend be faithful too.



Not so sternly, haughty spirit;
Lay thy loftiness aside;
From thy forehead smooth the furrow,
From thy heart pluck out the pride.
Deal gentle words to all;
Thou, too, mayest err and fall;
Be pitiful and kind,
Leave rugged words behind,
Learn meekly to reprove;
They win who speak in love.

Not so fondly, sanguine spirit;
There is judgment in yon cloud,
There is peril in yon tempest,
And the trumpet speaks aloud.
God is coming in His wrath,
And the lightning ploughs His path;
There is terror on the earth,
And the ruin rushes forth;
There is boding in yon sky,
The Judge is drawing nigh.
Not so hopeless, drooping spirit;
Yon clouds at length will rise;
And, beyond them, in the distance,
Spreads a realm of sunny skies.
God's promise standeth fast,
And the glory breaks at last;
Peace is rising out of strife,
Death is dying into life;
Up-springs the eternal sun;
Heaven and earth will soon be one.

## THE GOOD FIGHT.

I CAME and saw, and hoped to conquer,
As the great Roman once had done;
His was the one hour's torrent shock of battle;
My field was harder to be won.

I came and saw, but did not conquer,
The foes were fierce, their weapons strong;
I came, I saw, but yet I did not conquer,
For me the fight was sore and long.

They said the war was brief and easy,
A word, a look, would crush the throng;
To some it may have been a moment's conflict,
To me it has been sore and long.

They said the threats were coward bluster,
To brave men they could work no wrong;
So some may boast of swift and easy battle,
To me it has been sore and long.

And yet I know that I shall conquer,
Though sore and hard the fight may be;
I know, I know I shall be more than victor,
Through Him Who won the fight for me.

I fight, not fearful of the issue,
My victory sure and near;
Yet, not the less with hand and eye all watchful,
Grasp I my buckler and my spear.

For I must fight, if I would conquer,
'Tis not by flight that fields are won;
And I must conquer, if I would inherit
The victor's joy, and crown, and throne.

## SUNSET BY THE SEA.

MY watch upon this sea-swept cliff is done!
I've marked for hours yon slow-descending sun,
And seen him plunge into the golden swell
Of yon bright ocean that he loves so well.

I linger, watching how yon wavelets seem
To miss the glory of the vanished gleam;
And marking how yon summer-blushing blue
Takes on the sadness of the twilight hue.

How can I go? Yon shadowy, solemn wave
Seems like a loved one's newly covered grave;
And all around, above me, seems to move
The joy and grief of unforgotten love.

I linger o'er the long wave's darkening flow;
But the cold sea-moan bids me rise and go;
And yon faint sun-glow on the quivering main
Says, Go, to-morrow we shall meet again.

## *SUNSET BY THE SEA.*

It may be we shall meet as we have done,
And that I greet once more yon matchless sun;
It may be that I come to gaze again
On the pale splendour of yon purple plain.

But though no dawn should light these faded skies,
Though yon expected sun should never rise,
I have a Sun whose everlasting gold
Lights up a day that never shall grow old.

I have a Sun within, a Sun above,
A heaven whose radiance is the joy of love.
Earth's suns may sink and rise again no more,
I need them not in that unchanging shore.

I go where night and darkness never come,
To the dear day-spring of a sinless home;
No pensive musings such as sunset brings!
No bitter heartache over dried-up springs!

This shore I quit, these rocks, this wondrous sea,
Of all things great the greatest still to me;
These golden gleams of sunset's lingering bliss,
Yon far-off dimple from the dying kiss

Of wave and sky; this gentle, gentle song
Of the lone sea-breeze as it sighs along;
The sweet low ripple-note that comes and goes
From yon grey sand-slope where the tide still flows.

These, these I leave; yet, leaving, turn again
To love and muse, yet feel no parting pain;—
These are but withered leaves, the goodly tree
Which bears them all remaineth yet for me.

I need not miss the star-beam, if the star
Abideth still to shine in love afar;
The gift may fade, the Giver still is mine,
With all His love and light and grace divine.

## LORD, COME AWAY!

HAND and foot are weary,
Brow and eye are weary,
Heart and soul are weary;—
Lord, come away!

Years are swiftly flying,
Heaven and earth are sighing,
And Thy Church is crying,
Lord, come away!

Broken lies creation,
Shaken earth's foundation,
Anchorless each nation;—
Lord, come away!








*LORD, COME AWAY.*

Kingly props all failing,
Boldest bosoms quailing,
Fear forlorn prevailing;
Lord, come away!

Thrones of ages shaking,
Bonds of empire breaking,
Sullen priesthoods quaking;—
Lord, come away!

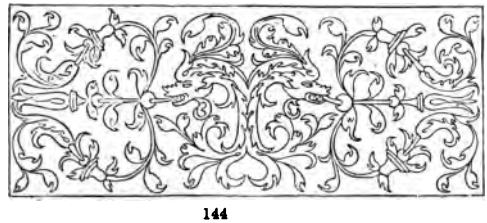
Evil darkly reigneth,
Nought of love remaineth,
And Thy Bride complaineth;—
Lord, come away!

Might the right is wronging,
Sworded millions thronging,
Earth's misrule prolonging;—
Lord, come away!

Lonely hearts are singing,
Loyal souls are clinging
To the light upspringing;—
Lord, come away!

Calm, 'mid night winds blowing,
Long has faith been sowing;
See the life-seed growing;—
Lord, come away!

'Tis no time for sorrow,
See the glorious morrow,
Its gladness let us borrow;—
Lord, come away!



'Tis no time for dreaming,
See the day-spring's gleaming
Through the darkness streaming;—
Lord, come away!

Sounds the last long thunder,
Bursts the day of wonder,
Glory, gladness yonder;—
Lord, come away!

## HE IS COMING.

HE is coming; and the tidings
Are rolling wide and far;
As light flows out in gladness,
From yon fair morning-star.

He is coming; and the tidings
Sweep through the willing air,
With hope that ends for ever
Time's ages of despair.

Old earth from dreams and slumber
Wakes up and says, Amen;
Land and ocean bid Him welcome,
Flood and forest join the strain.

He is coming; and the mountains
Of Judea ring again;
Jerusalem awakens,
And shouts her glad Amen.

## *HE IS COMING.*

He is coming; wastes of Horeb,
  Awaken and rejoice!
Hills of Moab, cliffs of Edom,
  Lift the long silent voice!

He is coming, sea of Sodom,
  To heal thy leprous brine,
To give back palm and myrtle,
  The olive and the vine.

He is coming, blighted Carmel,
  To restore thy olive bowers.
He is coming, faded Sharon,
  To give thee back thy flowers.

Sons of Gentile-trodden Judah,
  Awake, behold, He comes!
Landless and kingless exiles,
  Re-seek your long-lost homes.

Back to your ancient valleys
  Which your fathers loved so well,
In their now crumbled cities
  Let their children's children dwell.

Drink the last drop of wormwood
  From your nation's bitter cup;
The bitterest, but the latest,
  Make haste and drink it up.

For He thy true Messiah,
  Thine own anointed King,
He comes, in love and glory,
  Thy endless joy to bring.

Yes, He thy King is coming
To end thy woes and wrongs,
To give thee joy for mourning,
To turn thy sighs to songs;

To dry the tears of ages,
To give thee, as of old,
The diadem of beauty,
The crown of purest gold;

To lift thee from thy sadness,
To set thee on the throne,
Messiah's chosen nation,
His best-beloved one.

The stain and dust of exile
To wipe from thy weary feet;
With songs of glorious triumph
Thy glad return to greet.

## THE JUDGMENT.

THE last long note has sounded,
The dead from dust to call;
The sinner stands confounded,
With fear on fear surrounded,
As by a sea unbounded,
Before the Judge of all.



## *THE JUDGMENT.*

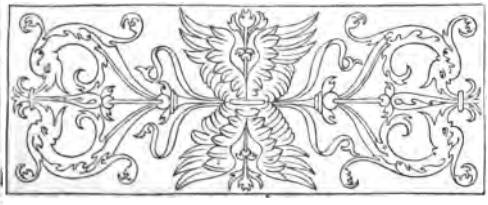
No longer now delaying
The hour of dreaded doom;
No more the sentence staying,
No more the cross displaying,
In wrath His throne arraying,
The Judge, the Judge has come!

What wild shrill voice of mourning
Comes up from hill and plain?
Dark spirits, pardon scorning,
Proud hearts, long mercy spurning,
Bold rebels, deaf to warning,
Now cry, but cry in vain!

See how these heavens are rended
By yon sky-filling blast;
Earth's year of grace is ended;
He who in clouds ascended,
Now, with heaven's hosts attended,
Returns, returns at last!

Cease, man, thy God-defying;
Cease thy best Friend to grieve;
Cease, man, thy self-relying;
Flee from the endless dying;
Swiftly thy time is flying;
Embrace the Son and live!

Give up the vain endeavour
To heal thy wounds and woes;
He is of life the Giver,
And from His cross the river,
Which quenches thirst for ever,
All freely to thee flows.



With gush, and gleam, and singing,
See the bright fountain rise.
For thee that fount is springing,
To thee its gladness bringing;—
Why then so madly clinging
To vanity and lies?

## HEAVEN AT LAST.

Denique Cœlum.—*Old Motto.*

ANGEL-VOICES sweetly singing,
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now, beneath us all the grieving,
All the wounded spirit's heaving,
All the woe of hopes deceiving;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Sin for ever left behind us,
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See, the strange bright scene expanding!
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

## *HEAVEN AT LAST.*

What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Softest voices, silver pealing,
Freshest fragrance, spirit-healing,
Happy hymns around us stealing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Gone the vanity and folly,
Gone the dark and melancholy,
Come the joyous and the holy;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a broken blossom yonder,
Not a link can snap asunder,
Stayed the tempest, sheathed the thunder;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
Not a pleasure ever palleth,
Song to song for ever calleth;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Christ Himself the living splendour,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now at length the veil is rended,
Now the pilgrimage is ended,
And the saints their thrones ascended;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Broken death's dread bands that bound us,
Life and victory around us;
Christ, the King, Himself hath crowned us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

## THE GRAVES OF OCEAN.

The sea gave up the dead which were in it.
*Rev.* xx. 13.

DEEP down beneath the unresting surge
There is a peaceful tomb;
Storm raves above, calm reigns below;
Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe;
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,
The weary find a home.

Calm shelter from Time's vexing winds;
Sure anchorage at last!
The blinding sea-drift blinds not here;
No breaker's boom the sleepers fear,
No angry typhoon hovers near;
Their latest storm is past.

Done now with peril and with toil,
They sleep the blessed sleep.
The last wild hurricane is o'er;
All silent now life's thunder-roar,
All quiet now the wreck-strewn shore;—
'Tis *we*, not *they*, who weep.








*THE GRAVES OF OCEAN.*

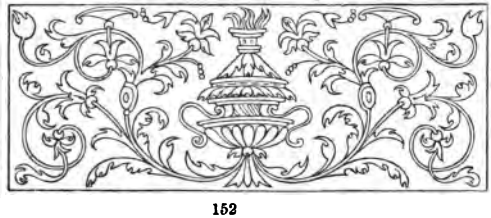
Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,
Though on the lonely main:
As soft the pillow of the deep,
As tranquil the uncurtained sleep,
As on the couch where fond ones weep;—
And they shall rise again.

Not safer on the sea of glass
Before the throne of God!
As sacred is that ocean-cave,
Where weeds instead of myrtles wave;
As near to God that unknown grave,
As the dear churchyard's sod.

O'er the loved clay God sets His watch,
The angels guard it well,
Till summoned by the trumpet loud,
Like star emerging from the cloud,
Or blossom from its sheltering shroud,
It leaves its ocean-cell.

The sea shall give them back, though death
The well-known form destroy;
Nor rock, nor sand, nor foam can chain,
Nor mortal prison-house retain,
Each atom shall awake again,
And rise with song and joy.

The cold sea's coldest, hardest depths
Shall hear the trump of God;
Death's reign on sea and land is o'er,
God's treasured dust he must restore,
God's buried gems he holds no more,
Beneath or wave or clod.









## *THE GRAVES OF OCEAN.*

When the cold billow covered them,
No solemn prayer was said;
Yet not the less their crown shall be
In the great morn of victory,
When, from their mortal fetters free,
They leave their peaceful bed.

What though to speak the words of love
No dear ones then could come;
Without a name upon their bier,
A brother's or a sister's tear,
Their heaven will be as bright and near,
As from their boyhood's home.

Star of the promised morning, rise!
Star of the throbbing wave,
Ascend! and o'er the sable brine
With resurrection-splendour shine;
Burst through the clouds with beams divine,
Mighty to shine and save.

O Morning-star! O risen Lord!
Destroyer of the tomb!
Star of the living and the dead,
Lift up at length thy long-veiled head,
O'er land and sea Thy glories shed;—
Light of the morning, come!

Into each tomb Thy radiance pour,
Let life, not death, prevail.
Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste!
Call up the dead of ages past,
Gather thy precious gems at last,
From ocean's deepest vale.



Speak, mighty Life, and wake the dead!
Like statue from the stone,
Like music from long broken strings,
Like gushings from deserted springs,
Like dew upon the dawn's soft wings,
Rouse each beloved one!

## A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.

HERE in Thy royal presence, Lord, I stand;
I give myself, my all, to Thee;
Thou hast redeemed me by Thy precious blood;
Thine only will I be.
No love but Thine, but Thine, can me relieve,
No light but Thine, but Thine, will I receive,
No light, no love, but Thine!

Take, take me as I am! Thou need'st me not,
I know Thou need'st me not at all.
All heaven is Thine, all earth, each morning-star;
High angels wait Thy call;
I am the poorest of Thy creatures, I
The child of evil and dark misery;—
Yet take me as I am!



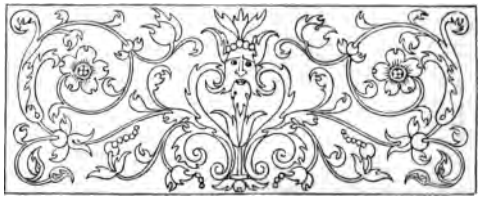
*A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.*

Perhaps Thou overlookest me; too small
A mote of being for Thine eye
To rest on, or to care for; far beneath
Thine awful majesty.
But still I am a thing of life, I know,
And made for everlasting joy and woe;—
Turn not Thine eye away.

Perhaps Thou dost repent of making me?
And yet, this, O my God, I know,
That I am made, made by Thine own great hand,
Though least of all below;
Myself I cannot alter or unmake,
Oh wilt thou not this soul of mine new-make?
New-make me, O my God!

Perhaps for aught of good I am unfit,
Most worthless and most useless all;
Yet make me but the meanest thing that lives,
Within Thy Salem's wall.
I shall be well content, my God, to be,
Or do, or suffer aught that pleaseth Thee;—
Oh cast me not away.

It would not cost Thee dear to bless me, Lord;
A word would do it, or a sign;
It needs no more from Thee, no more, my God;
Thy words have power divine.
And Oh the boundless blessedness to me,



Loved, saved, forgiven, renewed and blessed
by Thee!
Oh speak, Oh speak the word!

Life ebbs apace, my night is coming fast;
My cheek is wan, my hair is grey;
I am not what I was when on me blazed
The noon of youth's bright day.
Make haste to do for me what thus I plead,
O Thou the succourer of my great need,
Oh love and comfort me.

I know the blood of Thine eternal Son
Has power to cleanse even me;
Oh wash me now in that all-precious blood;
Give my soul purity;
Scatter the darkness, bid the day-star shine,
Light up the midnight of this soul of mine;
Let all be song and joy!

## LIFE AND I.

LIFE is the child's frail wreath,
And I a drop of dew
Upon its fading beauty. In the
breath
Of the still night-air came I forth to view,
But with the reddening morn
I silently return

To holy realms unseen,
Where death hath never been,
Where He hath His abode,
Who is my God!

Life is the wind-snapped bough,
  And I a little bird;
My motherland a fairer, calmer clime,
  Whose olive-groves no storm has ever
    stirred;—
A little bird that came from far,
Beyond the evening star,
Alighting in my untired flight
Upon this tree of night.
Yet, ere another sun
His race shall have begun,
I shall have passed from sight,
To realms of truer light,
These twilight skies above,
To be with Him I love,
My God, my God.

Life is the mountain-lake,
  And I a drifting cloud,
Or a cloud's broken shadow on the wave,
  One of the silent multitude that crowd,
With ever-varying pace,
Across the water's face!
Soon must I pass from earth,
To the calm azure of my better birth,
My sky of holy bliss;
With Him in love and peace,

To have my long abode,
Who is my God!

Life is the tossing ark,
  And I the wandering dove,
Resting to-day mid clouds and waters dark,
To-morrow to my peaceful olive-grove,
Returning, in glad haste,
Across time's billowy waste,
For evermore to rest,
Upon the faithful breast,
Of Him who is my King,
My Christ and God!

Life is the changing deep,
  And I a little wave,
Rising a moment and then passing down,
  Amid my fellows to a peaceful grave;
For this is not my rest,
It is not here I can be blessed.
Far from this sea of strife,
With Christ is hid my life,
With Christ my glorious Lord,
My King and God.

Life is a well-strung lyre,
  And I a wandering note,
Struck from its cunning chords, and left alone
  A moment in the quivering air to float;
Then without echo, die;
And upward from this earthly jarring fly,
To form a truer note above

In the great song of joy and love,
The never-ending, never-jarring song
Of the immortal throng;
Sung to the praise of Him
Who is at once its leader and its theme,
My Christ, my King, my God!

## BRIGHT FEET OF MAY.

TRIP along, bright feet of May,
Trip along from day to day,
Trip along in sun and showers,
Trip along and wake the flowers,
Trip along the breezy hills,
Trip beside the prattling rills.
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all fresh and gay,
Trip away, bright feet of May!

Trip along, when morning shines,
Trip along, when day declines,
Trip along, when, in the night,
Moon and stars are sparkling bright;
Trip across the sunny sea,
Over cloudland high and free.
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all fresh and gay,
Trip away, bright feet of May!

Trip along the budding wood,
O'er the moorland solitude;
Trip through garden, field, and brake,
Trip beside the gleaming lake;
Revel in the star-loved dew,
Drink the clear sky's summer-blue.
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all fresh and gay,
Trip away, bright feet of May!

Trip along, and, as you move,
Tell the springing earth of love;
Tell of love the sunlight free,
Tell of love the bounding sea,
The love of Him who gave to May
The sweetness of its smiling day.
Trip along, in light and song,
Trip away, all fresh and gay,
Trip away, bright feet of May!

## VOX MATUTINA.

EARTH'S lamps are growing dim;
The Church's early hymn
Comes up in slow, soft sound,
Like music from the ground;
Her old prophetic psalm
Fills the deep twilight calm!

## *VOX MATUTINA.*

Not yet his blossom-wreath
Of beams from climes beneath,
The happy sun has bound
These mountain-peaks around;
Hardly yon cloudlet high
Has caught the radiancy.

Only the stars look pale,
As if some luminous veil
Were passing o'er their face,
Taking, yet adding grace,
Hiding, yet giving light
To these fair gems of night.

The beacon-lights still gleam
Along the ocean-stream,
Goes up no city smoke,
No city-hum has broke
Earth's sleep, or sounded forth
Another morning's birth.

Shake off from us the night,
O God! As sons of light
Prepare us for the day,
That at the first faint ray
Of morn in eastern skies
We may with joy arise.

What though night's silence still
Broods over plain and hill;
These shades shall soon be past,

The Daystar comes at last,
And we shall welcome Him
With our clear morning hymn.

## HOMEWARDS.

DROPPING down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore;
Dropping down the misty river,
Time's willow-shaded river,
To the spring-embosomed shore;
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more.
O wondrous, wondrous shore!

Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea;
Dropping down the narrow river,
Man's weary, wayward river,
To the blue and ample sea;
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free;
O joyous, joyous sea!

Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home;
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling, crowded river,

To our gentle, gentle home;
Where the rough roar riseth never,
And the vexings cannot come;
O loved and longed for home!

Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried;
Dropping down the perilous river,
Mortality's dark river,
With a sure and heavenly Guide;
Even Him who, to deliver
My soul from death, hath died;
O Helmsman true and tried!

Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land;
Dropping down the well-known river,
Life's swoll'n and rushing river,
To the resurrection-land;
Where the living live for ever,
And the dead have joined the band;
O fair and blessed land!

## I GO TO LIFE.

I GO to life and not to death;
From darkness to life's native sky;
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.

## *I GO TO LIFE.*

Let our farewell then be tearless,
  Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
  Festive in your coming years.

I go from poverty to wealth,
  From rags to raiment angel-fair,
From the pale leanness of this flesh
  To beauty such as saints shall wear.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
  Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
  Festive in your coming years.

I go from chains to liberty,
  These fetters will be broken soon;
Forth over Eden's fragrant fields
  I walk beneath a glorious noon.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
  Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
  Festive in your coming years.

For toil there comes the crowned rest;
  Instead of burdens, eagle's wings;
And I, even I, this life-long thirst
  Shall quench at everlasting springs.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
  Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
  Festive in your coming years.

God lives! Who says that I must die?
I cannot, while Jehovah liveth!
Christ lives! I cannot die, but live;
He life to me for ever giveth.
Let our farewell then be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years.

## THE BATTLE-SONG OF THE CHURCH.

FEAR not the foe, thou flock of God,
Fear not the sword, the spear, the rod,
Fear not the foe!
He fights in vain who fights with thee;
Soon shalt thou see his armies flee,
Himself laid low.

Come, cheer thee to the toil and fight;
'Tis God, thy God, defends the right;
He leads thee on.
His sword shall scatter every foe,
His shield shall ward off every blow;—
The crown is won.

His is the battle, His the power,
His is the triumph in that hour;
In Him be strong.

So round thy brow the wreath shall twine,
So shall the victory be thine,
And thine the song.

Not long the sigh, the toil, the sweat,
Not long the fight-day's wasting heat;
The shadows come.
Slack not thy weapon in the fight;
Courage! for God defends the right;
Strike home! strike home!

## HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL.

HE liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him,
Who freely gave it, freely give,
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

## *WHO LIVETH WELL.*

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;
  Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
  How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
  Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
  Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
  Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
  Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap;
  Who sows the false shall reap the vain:
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
  From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
  Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
  And find a harvest-home of light.

## THE SIN AND THE SINBEARER.

HUMANITY hath sinned!
Not Adam, but the race has met its fall;
Life has gone out from earth,
Who shall that life recall?

He only who is man!
Man and yet God,—He can undo the fall;
True flesh and blood of earth,
He can that life recall.

Creation has been struck!
Not Eden, but the universal earth;
All things beneath the sun
Are smitten from their birth.

He only loves and saves!
Whose cross hath borne creation's deadly wrong;
Whose blood shall purge away
Creation's stains ere long.

He, the last Adam, lives;
He died, was buried, and yet liveth still;
Victor o'er hellish hate,
Victor o'er human ill!

His life is life for us!
His joy, His crown, His glory are our own;
For us He fought the fight,
For us He won the throne.

## THE GREAT MESSAGE.

Quo vos magistri gloria, quo salus
Invitat orbis, sancta cohors Dei
Portate verbum.—*Old Hymn.*

APOSTLES of the risen Christ, go forth!
Let love compel.
Go, and in risen power proclaim his worth,
O'er every region of the dead, cold earth,—
His glory tell!

Tell how He lived, and toiled, and wept below;
Tell all His love;
Tell the dread wonders of His awful woe;
Tell how He fought our fight, and smote our foe,
Then rose above!

Tell how in weakness He was crucified,
But rose in power;
Went up on high, accepted, glorified;
News of His victory spread far and wide,
From hour to hour.

Tell how He sits at the right hand of God
In glory bright,
Making the heaven of heavens His glad abode;
Tell how He cometh with the iron rod
His foes to smite.

Tell how His kingdom shall through ages stand,
And never cease;
Spreading like sunshine over every land,
All nations bowing to His high command,
Great Prince of peace!

## THE BETTER WILL.

TO have, each day, the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to me;
But not to have the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to Thee.

'Tis hard to say without a sigh,
Lord, let Thy will be done;
'Tis hard to say, My will is Thine,
And Thine is mine alone.

Most truly then Thy will is done,
When mine, O Lord, is crossed;
'Tis good to see my plans o'erthrown,
My ways in Thine all lost.

Whate'er Thy purpose be, O Lord,
In things or great or small,
Let each minutest part be done,
That Thou may'st still be all.

In all the little things of life,
Thyself, Lord, may I see;
In little and in great alike
Reveal Thy love to me.

So shall my undivided life
To Thee, my God, be given;
And all this earthly course below
Be one dear path to heaven.

## HYMN OF THE LAST DAYS.

**Quia iniquitas**
**Multum excrescit;**
**Fervida charitas**
**Heu refrigescit.**

***Old Hymn.***

**Quantum accedit finis mundi crescunt errores, crebrescunt terrores; crescit iniquitas, crescit infidelitas.—*August.***

HELP, mighty God!
The strong man bows himself,
The good and wise are few,
The standard-bearers faint,
The enemy prevails.
Help, God of might,
In this Thy Church's night!

## *HYMN OF THE LAST DAYS.*

Help, mighty God!
Evil is now our good,
And error is our truth,
Darkness is now our light,
Iniquity o'erflows.
Help, God of might,
Defend, defend the right!

Help, mighty God!
Men turn their ear away
From the great voice divine;
And each one seeks his own
Dark oracle of lies.
Help, God of might,
The idols, Lord, affright!

Help, mighty God!
Men slight the grace divine,
They mock the glorious love;
And the great gift of God
Is as a thing of nought.
Help, God of might,
The foe arise and smite!

Help, mighty God!
The blind now lead the blind,
Man has become as God,
The tree of knowledge now
Bears its last, ripest fruit!
Help, God of might,
For us come forth and fight!



## *HYMN OF THE LAST DAYS.*

Help, mighty God!
The perfect word of heaven
Is as the Sibyl's scroll;
And the great mount of God
Is as Dodona's shrine.
Help, God of might,
And in the dark give light!

Help, mighty God!
The cross is growing old,
And the great sepulchre
Is but a Hebrew tomb!
The Christ has died in vain!
Help, God of might,
Else shall faith perish quite!

Help, mighty God!
The Christ of ages past
Is now the Christ no more!
Altar and fire are gone,
The victim but a dream!
Help, God of might,
Put the fierce foe to flight!

Help, mighty God!
The world is waxing grey,
And charity grows chill,
And faith is at its ebb,
And hope is withering!
Help, God of might,
Appear in glory bright!



## CREATION IN EARNEST.



EVER-EARNEST sun!
Unwearied in thy work,
Unhalting in thy course,
Unlingering in thy path,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of
stedfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest stars!
Unchanging in your light,
Unfaltering in your race,
Unswerving in your round,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of sted-
fast work and praise.

O ever-earnest earth!
Doing thy Maker's work,
Fulfilling His great will,
With all thy morns and evens,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of sted-
fast work and praise.

O ever-earnest streams!
Flowing still on and on,
Through vale, or field, or moor,
In darkness or in light,

Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of stedfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest flowers!
That with untiring growth
Shoot up, and spread abroad
Your fragrance and your joy,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of stedfast work and praise.

O ever-earnest sea!
Constant in flow and ebb,
Heaving to moon and sun,
Unchanging in thy change,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of stedfast work and praise.

## THE THREE WEEPERS.

SORROW weeps!—
And drowns its bitterness in tears;
My child of sorrow,
Weep out the fulness of thy passionate grief,

And drown in tears
The bitterness of lonely years.
God gives the rain and sunshine mild,
And both are best, my child!

Joy weeps!—
And overflows its banks with tears;
My child of joy,
Weep out the gladness of thy pent-up heart,
And let thy glistening eyes
Run over in their ecstasies;
Life needeth joy; but from on high
Descends what cannot die!

Love weeps!—
And feeds its silent life with tears;
My child of love,
Pour out the riches of thy yearning heart,
And, like the air of even,
Give and take back the dew of heaven;
And let that longing heart of thine
Feed upon love divine!

## HE DIED AND LIVES.



HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name,
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes not
The cross is ever nigh.

My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows,
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

That which can shake the cross
May shake the peace it gave,
Which tells me Christ has never died,
Or never left the grave!

Till then my peace is sure,
It will not, cannot yield,
Jesus, I know, has died and lives,—
On this firm rock I build.

I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

The cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now His home,
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is His tomb!

And yonder is my peace,
The grave of all my woes!
I know the Son of God has come,
I know He died and rose.

I know He liveth now,
At God's right hand above,
I know the throne on which He sits,
I know His truth and love!

## HE WEPT OVER IT.

SHOW me the tears, the tears of tender love,
Wept over Salem in her evil day;
When grace and righteousness together strove,
And grace at length to righteousness gave way.



*HE WEPT OVER IT.*

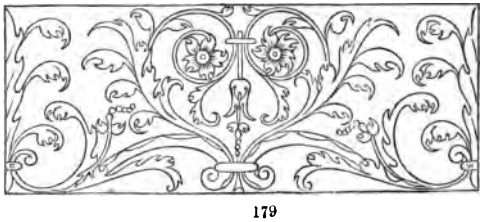
Dread hour of conflict between law and love!—
When not from tears couldst Thou, O Christ, refrain;
When grace went forth to save, but like the dove,
Returned disconsolate, its errand vain.

Theirs the great woe, yet Thine, O Lord, the deep
And awful anguish for their coming fears;
Thou weepedst because they refused to weep,
And grief divine found vent in human tears.

They closed the ear against Thy tender words;
They chose another lord, and spurned Thy sway;
Thou wouldst have drawn them, but they snapped Thy cords;
Thou wouldst have blessed them, but they turned away.

Thou lovedst them, but they would not be loved,
And human hatred fought with love divine;
They saw Thee shed the tears of love unmoved,
And mocked the grace that would have made them Thine.

O Son of God, Who camest from above
To take my flesh, to bear my bitter cross;
Show me Thy tears, Thy tears of tender love,
That I for Thee may count all gain but loss.



That I may know Thee, and by Thee be known;
That I may love Thee, and may taste Thy love;
That I may win Thee, and in Thee a crown;
That I may rest and reign with Thee above.

## BEGIN WITH GOD.

BEGIN the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn,
To Him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn!
Join the glad woods and hills;
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains,
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Sing thy first song to God!
Not to thy fellow-man;
Not to the creatures of His hand,
But to the glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing!
Arise, dull knees, and pray;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes;
Brush slothfulness away.

Look up, beyond these clouds!
Thither thy pathway lies;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside!
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed *with* and *on* Him; He with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God!
Let Him go forth with thee;
By stream or sea or mountain-path,
Seek still His company.

Thy first transaction be
With God Himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

## THE VOICE OF THE BELOVED.

THIS the Beloved from the glory calls!
I would not, even though I might, delay.
Like a home-greeting the glad summons falls,
And I unloitering now, must haste away.

## THE VOICE OF THE BELOVED.

'Tis the Beloved from the mountain calls!
The hill of incense, where the gentle day
Rises in balm, and night no more enthrals
The captive earth, in its bewildering sway.

'Tis the Beloved from the city calls!
Oh, joy at last to hear the song of day!
It steals all sweetly down from these bright walls,
And bids these cloudy thoughts and dreams give way.

'Tis the Beloved from the palace calls!
He bids me quit these cells of crumbling clay;
Doff the sad sable of these earthly palls,
And join the joy of the immortal lay.

'Tis the Beloved from the feast-board calls!
The Bridegroom bids His Bride no longer stay;
Upward He beckons to the royal halls,
To bask in royal love and light for aye.

'Tis the Beloved from His vineyard calls!
Winter is past, now breathes the fragrant May;
The desert-fasts are o'er, and festivals
Begin; my love, arise and come away.

'Tis the Beloved from the temple calls!
And I, His priest, with willing feet, obey.
With stole, and crown, and censer, He instals
His risen priesthood in the new array.

Oh call, Beloved !—Heavenly Bridegroom,
call !
Am I not listening for the long-loved
voice ?
Oh keep not silence ! Call, Beloved, call,
And bid this longing heart at length re-
joice !

## THE NEW SONG.

BEYOND the hills where suns go
down,
And brightly beckon as they go ;
I see the land of far renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome ; and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay ;—
O song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it, come away !

O song of light, and dawn, and bliss,
Sound over earth, and fill these skies,
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies.

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing;
Praise for creation's second birth,
And glory to creation's King!

## NOT WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE.

NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

## *HANDS HAVE DONE.*

Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

No other work, save Thine,
No meaner blood will do;
No strength, save that which is divine,
Can bear me safely through.

I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

I praise the God of Grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

In Him is only good,
In me is only ill;
My ill but draws His goodness forth,
And me He loveth still.

'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

## GOLD AND THE HEART.

GOLD filleth none!
That which has life
Alone can fill the living;
That which has love
Alone can fill the loving.
Gold is not life or love,
It is not rest or joy;
It withers up the heart,
It shrivels up the soul;
It filleth coffers, hearts it cannot fill.

Gold healeth none!
It has no balm for wounds,
It binds no broken hearts,
It smooths no ruffled brow,
It calms no inner storm.
It cannot buy from heaven
One drop of rain or dew,
One beam of sun or star,
Far less the heavenly shower,
Or light, that has the healing in its wings.

## SANCTA THERESA.

Mihi oppidum carcer, et solitudo Paradisus est. —*Jerome.*

O quoties in eremo constitutus, putabam me Romanis interesse deliciis. . . Ille ego qui ob gehennae metum tali me carcere damnaveram, sæpe choris intereram puellarum. Pallebant ora jejuniis, et mens desideriis æstuabat, . . sola libidinum incendia bulliebant. Sunt qui humore cellularum, immoderatisque jejuniis, tædio solitudinis, ac nimia lectione, vertuntur in melancholiam.—*Idem.*

THIS is no heaven!
And yet they told me that all heaven was here,
This life the foretaste of a life more dear;
That all beyond this convent-cell
Was but a fairer hell;
That all was ecstasy and song within,
That all without was tempest, gloom, and sin.
Ah me, it is not so,
This is no heaven, I know!

This is not rest!
And yet they told me that all rest was here;
Within these walls the medicine and the cheer
For broken hearts; that all without

Was trembling, weariness, and doubt;
This the sure ark which floats above the wave,
Strong in life's flood to shelter and to save;
This the still mountain-lake,
Which winds can never shake.
Ah me, it is not so,
This is not rest, I know!

This is not light!
And yet they told me that all light was here,—
Light of the holier sphere;
That, through this lattice seen,
Clearer and more serene,
The clear stars ever shone;
Shining for me alone;
And the bright moon more bright,
Seen, in the lone blue night
By ever-watching eyes,
The sun of convent skies.
Ah me, it is not so,
This is not light, I know!

This is not love!
And yet they told me that all love was here,
Sweetening the silent atmosphere;
All green, without a faded leaf,
All smooth, without a fret, or cross, or grief;

## *SANCTA THERESA.*

Fresh as young May,
Yet calm as Autumn's softest day.
No balm like convent-air,
No hues of Paradise so fair!
A jealous, peevish, hating world beyond,
Within, love's loveliest bond;
Envy and discord in the haunts of men,
Here, Eden's harmony again.
Ah me, it is not so,
Here is no love, I know!

This is not home!
And yet for this I left my girlhood's bower,
Shook the fresh dew from April's budding flower,
Cut off my golden hair,
Forsook the dear and fair,
And fled, as from a serpent's eyes,
Home and its holiest charities;
Instead of all things beautiful,
Took this decaying skull,
Hour after hour to feed my eye,
As if foul gaze like this could purify;
Broke the sweet ties that God had given,
And sought to win his Heaven
By leaving home-work all undone,
The home-race all unrun,
The fair home-garden all untilled,
The home-affections all unfilled;
As if these common rounds of work and love

## *SANCTA THERESA.*

Were drags to one whose spirit soared above
Life's tame and easy circle, and who fain
Would earn her crown by self-sought toil and pain;
Led captive by a mystic power,
Dazzled by visions in the moody hour,
When, sick of earth, and self, and vanity,
I longed to be alone or die;
Mocked by my own self-brooding heart,
And plied with every wile and art
That could seduce a young and yearning soul
To start for some mysterious goal,
And seek, in cell or savage waste,
The cure of blighted hope and love misplaced.

. . . . . .

Yet 'tis not the hard bed, nor lattice small,
Nor the dull damp of this cold convent-wall;
'Tis not the frost on these thick prison-bars,
Nor the keen shiver of these wintry stars;
Not this coarse raiment, nor this coarser food,
Nor bloodless lip of withering womanhood;
'Tis not all these that make me sigh and fret,
'Tis something deeper yet,—
The unutterable void within,
The dark fierce warfare with this heart of sin,
The inner bondage, fever, storm, and woe,
The hopeless conflict with my hellish foe,
'Gainst whom this grated lattice is no shield,
To whom this cell is victory's chosen field.

. . . . . .

## *SANCTA THERESA.*

Here is no balm
For stricken hearts; no calm
For fevered souls; no cure
For minds diseased; the impure
Becomes impurer in this stagnant air;
My cell becomes my tempter and my snare,
And vainer dreams than e'er I dreamt before
Crowd in at its low door.
And have I fled, my God, from Thee,
From Thy glad love and liberty;
And left the road where blessings fall like light,
For self-made by-paths shaded o'er with night?
Oh lead me back, my God,
To the forsaken road,
Life's common beat, that there,
Even in the midst of toil and care,
I may find Thee,
And in Thy love be free!



## LET US GO FORTH.

Heb. xiii. 13.

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We pass out at the world's wide gate,
Turning our back on all its state;
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We cannot and we would not stay;
We dread the snares that throng the way,
We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight,
No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man nor self to please.

No sorrow for the loss of fame,
No dread of scandal on our name;
No terror for the world's sharp scorn,
No wish that taunting to return;

No hatred can our hatred move,
And enmity but kindles love.

No sigh for laughter left behind,
Or pleasures scattered to the wind;
No looking back on Sodom's plains,
No listening still to Babel's strains,
No tears for Egypt's song and smile,
No thirsting for its flowing Nile.

No vanity nor folly now,
No fading garland round our brow,
No moody musings in the grove,
No pang of disappointed love;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppress'd?—
'Tis but a little, and we rest.
This throbbing heart and burning brain
Will soon be calm and cool again.
Night is far spent and morn is near,—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear!

'Tis but a little, and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home!
Another year, it may be less,
And we have crossed the wilderness,
Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won!

We grudge not, then, the toil, the way;
Its ending is the endless day!
We shrink not from these tempests keen,
With little of the calm between;
We welcome each descending sun;—
Ere morn, our joy may be begun!

## THE SINNER'S BURIAL.

So I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy; and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done.—*Eccles.* viii. 10.

WRAPPED in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep;
Above him the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.

Laid in a Christless tomb,
There, bound with felon-chain,
He waits the terrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.

O Christless shroud, how cold,
How dark, O Christless tomb!
O grief that never can grow old,
O endless, hopeless doom!

O Christless sleep, how sad!
What waking shalt thou know?
For thee no star, no dawning glad,
Only the lasting woe!

To rocks and hills in vain
Shall be the sinner's call;
O day of wrath, and death, and pain,
The lost soul's funeral!

O Christless soul, awake
Ere thy last sleep begin!
O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break,
Burst thou the bands of sin!

## THE LORD NEEDETH THEE.

JESUS, Thou needest me,
Even me, Thou Light divine,
O Son of God, Thou needest me,
Thou needest sins like mine.

Thy fulness needs my want,
Thy wealth my poverty;
Thy healing skill my sickness needs,
Thy joy my misery.

Thy strength my weakness needs,
Thy grace my worthlessness;
Thy greatness needs a worm like me
To cherish and to bless.

## *THE LORD NEEDETH THEE.*

Thy life needs death like mine,
To show its quickening power;
Infinity the finite needs,
Th' eternal needs the hour.

Earth with its vales and hills,
Needeth the daily sun;
This daily sun of ours,—it needs
An earth to shine upon.

This evil, froward soul
Needeth a love like Thine;
A love like Thine, O loving Christ,
Needeth a soul like mine.

Thy fulness, Son of God,
Thus needy maketh Thee;
Thy glory, O Thou glorious One,
Seeketh its rest in me.

It was Thy need of me
That brought Thee from above;
It is my need of Thee, O Lord,
That draws me to Thy love.

## BECKON US UPWARD.

BECKON us upward, ever-soaring clouds,
That gleam like fringes of these curtaining skies,
Beckon us up, and, as ye beckon, draw,
O draw us, draw us, and we shall arise!

Beckon us upward, each sky-loving peak,
Whose home is far above these vales of sin;
'Tis earth around us, but from you there breaks
A light which bids us rise and enter in.

The sun is on your heights! And, from these cliffs,
It speaks to us of love and glory there;
Like some fresh, joyous angel that alights
To call us upward to the good and fair.

It says, the better Sun is just at hand,
And with him all true dayspring;—O great Sun,
Sun of all earth and heaven, ascend and shine,
And let this darkness pass, this night be done.

O happy soul, when this fair Sun shall rise,
And chase thy darkness with his light divine;

O happy earth, when this long day shall break,
And flood with glory these low vales of thine.

## TO THE COMFORTER.

MIGHTY Comforter, to Thee
In our feebleness we flee;
Oh, unveil Thy gracious face,
Spread out all Thy wondrous grace.

Strengthener of the poor and weak,
To Thy power for strength we seek;
Heavenly fulness, from above,
Oh descend in blessed love.

Patient Teacher of the blind,
Opener of the sin-sealed mind,
Fix in us Thy sure abode,
And reveal the Christ of God.

Guider of the erring feet
In the waste or busy street,
Lead us through life's Babel-crowds,
Through its pathless solitudes.

## *TO THE COMFORTER.*

True Enricher of the poor,
Enter Thou our lowly door;
  Let Thy liberal hand impart
  Heavenly riches to our heart.

Looser of the bonds of sin,
Oh make haste and enter in;
  Break each link, till there remains
  Not one fragment of our chains.

Loving Spirit, come, oh come!
Find in us Thy endless home;
  Find in this our world below
  A dwelling for Thy glory now.

Holy Light, upon us shine,
With Thy energy divine;
  Heavenly Brightness, break Thou forth,
  Over this benighted earth.

With the eternal Father one,
One with the eternal Son;
  Eternal Spirit, Thee we praise,
  Now and through eternal days.

## ABIDE WITH US.

Luke xxiv. 29.

THIS evening now!
O Saviour, wilt not Thou
Enter my home and heart,
Nor ever hence depart,
Even when the morning breaks,
And earth again awakes?
Thou wilt abide with me,
And I with Thee!

The world is old!
Its air grows dull and cold;
Upon its aged face
The wrinkles come apace!
Its western sky is wan,
Its youth and joy are gone,
O Master, be our light,
When o'er us falls the night.

Evil is round!
Iniquities abound;
Our cottage will be lone,
When the great Sun is gone.
O Saviour, come and bless,
Come, share our loneliness;
We need a comforter,
Take up Thy dwelling here.

## THE BRIDAL DAY.

THE Bridegroom comes!
Bride of the Lamb, awake!
The midnight cry is heard;
Thy sleep forsake.

The marriage-day
Has come; lift up thy head,
Put on thy bridal robe,
The feast is spread.

Shake off earth's dust,
And wash thy weary feet;
Arise, make haste, go forth,
The Bridegroom greet.

Sing the new song!
Thy triumph has begun;
Thy tears are wiped away,
Thy night is done!

## THE OLD STORY.

*COME and hear the grand old story,*
*Story of the ages past;*
*All earth's annals far surpassing,*
*Story that shall ever last.*





## THE OLD STORY.

*Noblest, truest,*
*Oldest, newest,*
*Fairest, rarest,*
*Saddest, gladdest,*
*That this earth has ever known.*

CHRIST, the Father's Son eternal,
Once was born, a Son of man;
He, who never knew beginning,
Here on earth a life began.

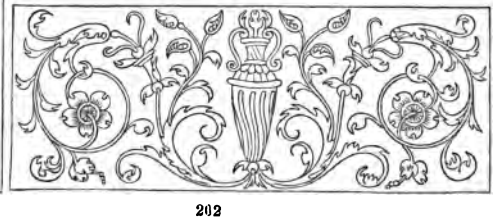
Here in David's lowly city,
Tenant of the manger-bed,
Child of everlasting ages,
Mary's infant, lays His head.

There He lies, in mighty weakness,
David's Lord and David's Son;
Creature and Creator meeting,
Heaven and earth conjoined in one.

Here at Nazareth He dwelleth,
'Mid the sin of sinful men;
Sorrowful, forlorn, and hated,
And yet hating none again.

Here in Galilee He wanders,
Through its teeming cities moves,
Climbs its mountains, walks its waters,
Blesses, comforts, saves, and loves.

Words of truth and deeds of kindness,
Miracles of grace and might,
Scatter fragrance all around Him,
Shine with heaven's most glorious light.



## *THE OLD STORY.*

In Gethsemane behold Him,
In the agony of prayer;
Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding,
Soul and body prostrate there.

All alone He wrestles yonder,
Close beside Him stands the cup,
Bitterest cup that man e'er tasted;
Yet for us He drinks it up.

In the Roman hall behold Him
Stand at Pilate's judgment-seat,
Mocked and beaten, crowned and wounded;
Jew and Gentile join in hate.

On to Golgotha He hastens;
Yonder stands His cross of woe;
From His hands, and feet, and forehead,
See the precious life-blood flow.

Sinless, He our sin is bearing,
All our sorrows on Him lie,
And His stripes our wounds are healing,
God, for man, consents to die.

It is finished! See His body
Laid alone in Joseph's tomb;
'Tis for us He lieth yonder,
Prince of Light, enwrapped in gloom.

But in vain the grave has bound Him,
Death has barred its gate in vain;
See, for us the Saviour rises,
See, for us He bursts the chain.

Hear we then the grand old story,
  True as God's all-faithful word,
Best of tidings to the guilty,
  Of a dead and risen Lord.

'Tis eternal life to know it,
  Light and love are shining there,
While we look, and gaze, and listen,
  All its joy and peace we share.

Hear we then the grand old story,
  And in listening learn the love,
Flowing through it to the guilty,
  From our pardoning God above.

Glory be to God the Father,
  Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
  Great Jehovah, Three in One.

## WISE WEEPING.

TEARS are not always fruitful; their hot drops
Sometimes but scorch the cheek and dim the eye;
Despairing murmurs over blackened hopes,
Not the meek spirit's calm and chastened cry.

## *WISE WEEPING.*

Oh, better not to weep than weep amiss;
For hard it is to learn to weep aright,—
To weep wise tears, the tears that heal and bless,
The tears which their own bitterness requite.

Oh, better not to grieve than waste our woe,
To fling away the spirit's finest gold,
To lose, not gain, by sorrow; to overflow
The sacred channels which true sadness hold.

To shed our tears as trees their blossoms shed,
Not all at random, but to make sure way
For fruit in season, when the bloom lies dead
On the chill earth, the victim of decay;—

This is to use the grief that God has sent,
To read the lesson, and to learn the love,
To sound the depths of saddest chastisement,
To pluck on earth the fruit of realms above.

Weep not too fondly, lest the cherished grief
Should into vain, self-pitying weakness turn;
Weep not too long, but seek divine relief;
Weep not too fiercely, lest the fierceness burn.

Husband your tears; if lavished, they become
Like waters that inundate and destroy;
For active, self-denying days leave room,
So shall you sow in tears and reap in joy.

It is not tears but teaching we should seek;
The tears we need are genial as the shower;
They mould the being while they stain the cheek,
Freshening the spirit into life and power.

Move on, and murmur not; a warrior thou;
Is this a day for idle tears and sighs?
Buckle thine armour, grasp thy sword and bow,
Fight the good fight of faith, and win the prize.

## ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.

JERUSALEM!
Thy King at length has come.
Lift up thy voice in song;
No more be dumb.
Happy Jerusalem!
Thy widowhood is done;
Thy mourning days are past,
Thy joy begun!

Zion, rejoice!
Thy glory now returns;
Thy God has come, no more
His anger burns.

City of cities thou!
What beauty shall be thine;
Joy of the blessed earth,
Arise and shine!

Peace, Salem, peace
Be now within thy gates;
To thee earth crowds; on thee
Its grandeur waits.
Thou holy Mount of God!
From thee once more ascends
The incense-cloud, the song
That never ends.

## AT LAST.

AT last!
The night is at an end,
The dawn comes softly up,
Clear as its own clear dew;
And weeping has gone out,
To let in only songs
And everlasting joy;
At last!—Amen!

At last!
The Prince of Life has come,
The Church is glorified,
The sleepers have awoke,

The living have been changed;
Death has at last been slain,
And the grave spoiled for ever!
At last!—Amen!

At last!
The curse is swept away,
The serpent-trail effaced;
The desert smiles with green,
And blossoms like the rose.
'Tis more than Eden now,
Earth has become as heaven!
At last!—Amen!

At last!
Satan is bound in chains;
The Church's ancient foe,
Old enemy of Christ,
Has fallen, with all his hosts;
And Babylon the Great
Has sunk to rise no more!
At last!—Amen!

At last!
Israel sits down in peace!
Jerusalem awakes,
Her King at length has come,
Messiah reigns in power;
The heavens rejoice and sing,
And earth once more is free!
At last!—Amen!

## CREDO, NON OPINOR.



ASK a perfect creed!
Oh, that to me were given,
The teaching that leads none astray,
The scholarship of heaven!

Sure wisdom and pure light,
With lowly, loving fear;
The steadfast, ever-looking eye,
The ever-listening ear.

Calm faith that grasps the word
Of Him who cannot lie;
That hears alone the voice divine,
Though crowds are standing by.

The one, whole truth I seek,
In this sad age of strife;
The truth of Him who is the Truth,
And in whose truth is life.

Truth which contains true rest;
Which is the grave of doubt;
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts the falsehood out.

O True One, give me truth!
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

O Truth of God, destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,
My bright and morning-star!

## UP, MY SOUL, 'TIS DAY.

UP now, my soul, 'tis day!
Lone night has fled away;
How soft yon eastern blue,
How fresh this morning dew!

All things around are bright,
Come steep thyself in light;
Darkness from earth has gone,
Wilt thou be dark alone?

Peace rests on yon green hill,
Joy sparkles in yon rill;
Join thou earth's song of love,
That pours from every grove.

Be happy in thy God;
On Him cast every load,
To Him bring every care,
To Him pour out thy prayer.

To Him thy morning-praise,
With joyful spirit raise,
The God of morn and even,
The light of earth and heaven.

Rest in His holy love,
Which daily from above,
Like His own sunlight comes,
Down on earth's myriad homes.

Put thou thy hand in His!
Ah, this is safety; this
Is the soul's true relief,
Freedom from care and grief.

Be thou His happy child,
Loved, blest, and reconciled;
Walk calmly on, each hour,
Safe in His love and power.

Work for Him gladly here,
Without a grudge or fear;
Thy labour shall be light,
And all thy days be bright!

## LUCY.

August 20, 1858.

ALL night we watched the ebbing life,
As if its flight to stay;
Till, as the dawn was coming up,
Our last hope passed away.

She was the music of our home,
A day that knew no night,
The fragrance of our garden-bower,
A thing all smiles and light.

Above the couch we bent and prayed,
In the half-lighted room;
As the bright hues of infant life
Sank slowly into gloom.

Each flutter of the pulse we marked,
Each quiver of the eye;
To the dear lips our ear we laid,
To catch the last low sigh.

We stroked the little sinking cheeks,
The forehead pale and fair;
We kissed the small, round, ruby mouth,
For Lucy still was there.

We fondly smoothed the scattered curls
Of her rich golden hair;
We held the gentle palm in ours,
For Lucy still was there.

At last the fluttering pulse stood still,
The death-frost through her clay
Stole slowly; and, as morn came up,
Our sweet flower passed away.

The form remained; but there was now
No soul our love to share;
No warm responding lip to kiss;
For Lucy was not there.

Farewell, with weeping hearts we said,
Child of our love and care!
And then we ceased to kiss those lips,
For Lucy was not there.

But years are moving quickly past,
And time will soon be o'er;
Death shall be swallowed up of life
On the immortal shore.

Then shall we clasp that hand once more,
And smooth that golden hair;
Then shall we kiss those lips again,
When Lucy shall be there.

## THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To wake the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

## SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

TO MY YOUNGEST-BORN.

April 2, 1860.

THIS day of war and weariness
Will soon with me be done;
But thine, my child of love and joy,
Is only now begun.

Time's years of fever and unrest
Are nearly run for me;
But Life, with all its ill and good,
Is still in store for thee.

My flowers have faded, and my fruit
Is dropping from the tree;
The blossoms of the golden year
Are opening all on thee.

My harvest with its gathered sheaves,
Is almost over now;
But thine is coming up, my child,
When I am lying low.

'Tis May, all May upon thy cheek,
'Tis Autumn now on mine;
The chill of eve is on my brow,
The dew of morn on thine.

I've seen what thou art yet to see,
And felt what thou must feel;
I know each winding of the way,
Each rock, and stream, and hill.

My eyes shall ere long weep their last,
  Their springs will soon run dry;
But all thy tears are yet to flow,
  Ere thou shalt rest on high.

The farewells dying on my lips
  Are living still on thine;
'Tis sunrise on thy glowing peaks,
  'Tis sunset upon mine.

I leave the banquet-hall of time
  As thou art coming in;
Take thou my place, and be thy feast
  Sweeter than mine has been.

I quit the battle-field of life,
  I give my sword to thee;
It is thy father's father's sword,
  It leads to victory.

I leave the warfare and the work,
  The watching and the way,
For thee to finish, when this head
  Rests on its couch of clay.

Go, then, fill up with useful deeds,
  Thy threescore years and ten,
Till He, who bade thee rise and work,
  Bids thee lie down again.

Then lay thee down and rest, as all
  Thy fathers have lain down;
Waiting the resurrection-joy,
  The glory and the crown!

## SUMMER OF THE SILENT HEART.

'TWAS Summer, and its youngest kiss
Fell on the rose-red lip of June;
Veiled in delicious haze, the sun
Made, for our vale, its tenderest noon.

The gentlest of all gentle winds
Stole o'er the silver of the stream;
'Twas Summer lapt in Autumn's sleep,
The stillness of Spring's stillest dream.

Away, away, among the woods,
Where winds are rambling, let me too
Rove, feeding on the summer air,
Tasting the freshness of its dew.

O Summer of the silent heart!
How rich the song your sunshine sings;
O luxury of tranquil thought,
This dreamy hour of sunshine brings!

O sunshine of the laughing lip,
Soften your colours for a day;
Take on this mild and mellow light,
Mingle the quiet with the gay.

O shadows of the pensive heart!
Glow into sunlight, as the love
Comes down, in ever-gushing streams,
From the great heart of God above.

The shadow and the sunlight thus
God tempers for us here below
Mixing for us the joy and fear,
The safest cup for man below.

## USE ME!

MAKE use of me, my God!
Let me not be forgot;
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.

I am Thy creature, Lord;
And made by hands divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of Thine.

Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak and little hill;—
My God, Oh use me too!

Thou usest tree and flower,
The rivers vast and small;
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
The little hidden lake;
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
The lily in the brake.

The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The meanest of them all!

## THE TWO PROPHETS.

WRAP thyself up in night; speak low, not loud;
Spread shining mist along a solemn page;
Be like a voice, half-heard from hollow cloud,
And thou shalt be the prophet of the age.

Conceal thy thought in words; or, better still,
Conceal thy *want* of thought; and thou shalt be
Poet and prophet, sage and oracle,
A thing of wonder, worship, mystery.



## *THE TWO PROPHETS.*

Coin some new mystic dialect and style,
Pile up thy broken rainbows page on page;
With dim dissolving views the eye beguile,
And thou shalt be the poet of the age.

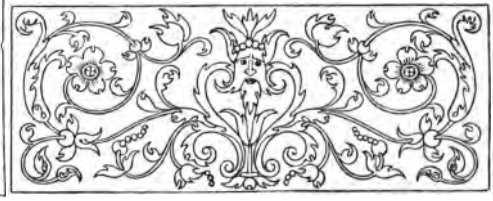
Old bards and thinkers could their wisdom tell,
In words of light which all might understand;
They had great things to say, and said them well,
To far-off ages of their listening land.

Such was old Milton, such was Bacon wise,
Such all the greatly good and nobly true;
High thoughts were theirs, kin to the boundless skies,
But words translucent as the twilight dew.

Be ever like earth's greatest, truest, soundest,
Be like the prophets of the prophet-land;
Be like the Master,—simplest when profoundest;
Speak that thy fellow-men may understand.

Old streams of earth, sing on in happy choir!
Old sea, roll on your bright waves to the shore;
Tune, ancient wind, tune your still cunning lyre,
And sing the simple song you sung of yore!

Dear arch of heaven, pure veil of lucid blue,
Star-loving hills, immoveable and calm,
Fresh fields of earth, and undefiled dew,
Chant, as in ages past, your glorious psalm!



I love the ringing of your child-like notes,
The music of your warm transparent song;
And my heart throbs, as blithely o'er me floats
Your endless echo, sweet and glad and young.

Your old is never new; perpetual youth
Sits on your brow, a God-given heritage.
Even thus, in her fair ever-green, old Truth
Stands, without waste or weariness or age.

Unchanged in her clear speech and simple song,
Earth utters its old wisdom all around.
Ours be, like hers, a voice distinct and strong,
Speech as unmuffled, wisdom as profound.

All mystery is defect; and cloudy words
Are feebleness, not strength; are loss, not gain;
Men win no victories with spectre-swords;
The phantom barque ploughs the broad sea in vain.

If thou hast aught to say, or small or great,
Speak with a clear true voice; all mysteries
Are but man's poor attempts to imitate
The hidden wisdom of the Only Wise.

The day of Delphic oracles is past;
All mimic-wisdom is a broken reed;
The gorgeous mountain-mist rolls up at last,
Clouds quench no thirst, and flowers no hunger feed.

## SABBATH HYMN.

IMITATED FROM EPHRAEM (THE SYRIAN).

GLORY to the glorious One,
Good and great, our God alone,
Who this day hath glorified,
First and best of all beside,
Making it for every clime,
Of all times the sweetest time.

From the beginning, day of days,
Set apart for holy praise,
When He bade the willing earth
All its hidden stores bring forth,
When He gave the shining heaven,
Then to man this day was given.

On this day the Son of God
Left His three-days' dark abode;
In the greatness of His might,
Rising to the upper light.
On this day the Church puts on
Glory, beauty, robe, and crown.

On this day of days the Lord,
Faithful to His ancient word,
On His burning chariot borne,
Shall in majesty return.

King of kings, He comes in might,
From His heavenly home of light.

To His own Jerusalem,
Old Judea's brightest gem,
To the hill of Jebus, see,
King Messiah, cometh He;
With His cross to bless and save,
With His cross to spoil the grave.

He shall speak and earth shall hear,
Rending rock shall quake with fear,
And the waking dead shall come
From the silence of the tomb.
Shaken heavens and shattered earth
Then shall rise to second birth.

To the kingdom promised long,
With its shining angel throng,
Righteous vengeance to fulfil,
Recompense for good and ill,
Adam's race from dust to call,
Lo, He cometh, Judge of all!

Then the glory to His own;
Then the kingdom and the crown!
Then the sinner's hope shall close,
Then begin his endless woes;
Then he knocks, but knocks in vain,—
Who shall break his iron chain?

Earth is fleeing, fleeing fast,
And its beauty fades at last;
O beloved, then, awake,
Bonds of carnal slumber break,

Wake, beloved, watch and pray,
While remains one hour of day!

Death, it cometh,—Oh, beware!
Judgment cometh,—Oh, prepare!
Steadfast, steadfast, let us stand,
For the Judge is nigh at hand;
Steadfast let us rest each night,
Steadfast wake at morning light.

Glory, glory, glory be,
Gracious God and Lord, to Thee!
To the Father and the Son,
To the Spirit, Three in One;
Thus we now Thy mercy praise,
Thus through everlasting days.

## OUR EVENING HYMN.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK.

THE day is done!
I thank Thee, Lord, alone.
'Tis evening, and I cry,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh.
This night from sin me keep,
Preserve me while I sleep.

## *OUR EVENING HYMN.*

The day is gone!
I bless Thee, Mighty One.
'Tis evening, and I cry,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh.
This night from ill me keep,
Preserve me while I sleep.

The day is gone!
I praise Thee, Holy One.
'Tis evening, and I cry,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh.
This night from plots me keep,
Preserve me while I sleep.

Light to these eyes afford,
O Christ, my God and Lord!
Dispel my soul's death-gloom,
Lest I should sleep in death ere day,
Lest my great foe should boast and say,
I have him overcome!

Defend my soul, O God!
For snares beset my road.
Thou art my help alone.
Deliver me from sin and fear,
Preserve me in my peril here,
O good and gracious One!



## BATTLE-SONG AGAINST SATAN.

IMITATED FROM EPHRAEM (THE SYRIAN).

JEHOVAH, judge my cause,
Avenge me of my foe,
Fight against Satan and his host,
Oh lay the strong one low!

I have cast off his yoke,
Renounced his cursed sway;
For this he doubly hates, and longs
To seize me as his prey.

To Thee, and to Thy cross,
For help, O Lord, I flee;—
He must prevail, if Thou do not,
O Lord, deliver me!

For Thou hast vanquished him!
Let him not conquer me;
Put him to shame, O Lord my God;
Give me the victory.

It is not strength that wins:
My weakness is my shield;
In lowly trust we fight the fight,
And meekness wins the field.

Give me the lowly heart,
Cast out each thought of pride;
Let gentleness and love come in,
And as my guests abide.

Thy will, not mine, be done ;
I would not choose my own ;
But let me ever, ever be
Thy servant, Lord, alone.

Jesus, to Thee I flee,
Jesus, Thy cross I clasp ;
Save me from Satan's hellish power,
Oh pluck me from his grasp.

So shall I praise Thee, Lord,
And Thy great name adore,
With Father and with Spirit one,
For ever, evermore.

## THE AFTER-SUPPER HYMN.

This is the Greek Hymn called *τὸ ἀπόδειπνον*, and corresponds with the Latin Completorium, or midnight hymn. See Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. iii. p. 48 ; also, Suicer's *Thesaurus Ecclesiasticus* on the word *ἀπόδειπνον*.

ATTEND, ye heavens !
Attend and I will speak.
I will the Christ proclaim !
Of Him the virgin-born,
Who sojourned here in flesh,
I will declare the name.

Let us go forth!
Let us go forth with Christ,
To Olivet's dear hill.
In spirit with our Lord,
And His apostles twelve,
There pitch our tents we will!

Think, O my soul,
And cast high thoughts away,
What thy Lord spake while here,—
Two grinding at the mill,
One taken and one left,
And watch and fear!

Prepare thyself!
Make ready, O my soul,
For thy departing hour!
The Judge, the righteous Judge,
The Judge of quick and dead
Standeth before the door!

## HYMN OF NIGHT.

FROM THE LATIN.

NIGHT and darkness cover all
Heaven and earth, with cloudy pall,
But the light comes in, and lo,
All the sky is in a glow!—
Christ has come, the star of day,
Night and darkness flee away!

Cloven by the piercing gleam
Of the daystar's rising beam,
Earth's long gloom is rent; and lo,
All creation is a-glow,
With the colours hither borne,
From the radiant lamp of morn!

Thee, O Christ, alone we know;
Other suns are none below.
All the night to Thee we cry,
Hear our tears, our song, our sigh.
Watch our senses through the night,
Keep us till the morning light.

Night's hues thickly round us lie,
Blotting earth and sea and sky;
Star of morning, send thy light,
Purge these deep-dyed stains of night,
Show thy face, and, with its ray,
Shine these shadows into day!

## NIGHT HYMN BEFORE THE SABBATH.

FROM THE LATIN.

IN the dark and silent night,
Ere has broke the lonely light,
We arise, to Thee to pay,
Lord, the service of this day.

## *BEFORE THE SABBATH.*

Holy Comforter, to Thee
Our glad praises offer we;
With the eternal Father one,
One with the eternal Son.

Pity this frail flesh of ours,
Which, with all his subtle powers,
The old tempter would assail;—
Let him not, O Lord, prevail.

Lord, to Thee the flock pertains;
Let it not be held in chains;
Thou, O Jesus, with Thy blood,
Hast redeemed that flock to God.

Loving, gracious Shepherd, keep
Watch o'er these Thy wand'ring sheep;
Bring them to the fold above
On the shoulders of Thy love.

Smite the hellish enemy,
Bid the Prince of Darkness flee;
Drive the robber-fiend away,
From his jaws, oh pluck the prey.

Triumph now, O Christ, our Lord!
Angel-choirs, with glad accord,
Sound the praises of our King,
Holy, holy, holy, sing.

Glory to the Father give;
Glory to the equal Son;
Glory to the Spirit give,
While eternal ages run.

## PENTECOSTAL HYMN.

FROM THE LATIN.

COME, heavenly Spirit, come!
Kind Father of the poor;
The Giver and the Gift,
Enter my lowly door!
Be guest within my heart,
Nor ever hence depart.

Thou the eternal truth!
Into dark hearts steal in;
True Light, give light to souls
Sunk in the night of sin;
True Strength, put forth Thy power
For us in evil hour!

Ours is a world of wiles,
Of beauteous vanities;
Come, and in us destroy
Its fair impurities,
Lest, by its tempting arts,
From Thee it steal our hearts!

Unveil Thy glorious self
To us, O Holy One,
That Thou into our hearts
May shine, Thyself alone!
Saved from earth's vanities,
To Thee we long to rise.

## *PENTECOSTAL HYMN.*

Renew us, Holy One!
  Oh purge us in Thy fire;
Refine us, heavenly flame,
  Consume each low desire;
Prepare us as a sacrifice,
Well-pleasing in Thine eyes.

Far from Thee we have lived,
  Exiles from home and Thee;
Oh bring us back in love,
  End our captivity.
Be Thou the way we wend,
Be Thou that way's blest end!

Glory to the Father be,
  Glory to the equal Son,
Glory to the Spirit be,
  Glory to the Three-in-one!
Spirit, 'tis thy breath divine
Makes these hearts to burn and shine.

## HYMN TO CHRIST.

IMITATED FROM ONE OF THE IAMBICS OF GREGORY NAZIANZENE, BEGINNING:—

Πάλιν προσῆλθεν ὁ δράκων.

AGAIN the Tempter comes! to Thee I cling.
The old Serpent comes! I see his deadly sting:—
Hide me, oh hide me, Christ, beneath Thy sheltering wing!

Oh, hold me, hold me, Lord, do not betray
Thine image; cast me not, O Christ, away
Lest, like the nestling bird, he seize me as his prey!

Ah, that great judgment-day! And yet to go
I long; pursued each hour with woe on woe,
I find no place of rest, no refuge here below!

Thou call'st me hence; but oh, my faith is small;
O Christ, I am Thy servant, Thou my all!—
Keep me, oh keep Thine own, till the last trumpet call!

# Memories of the East.

## MOUNT HOR.

NUMBERS XX. 23-29.

THEY have left the camp, with its tents
out-spreading,
Like a garden of lilies, on Edom's
plain;
They are climbing the mountain, in silence
treading
A path which *one* shall not tread again.
Two aged brothers the way are leading,
There follows a youth in the solemn train.

O'er a sister's bier they have just been bending;
The desert prophetess sleeps hard by.
With her toilsome sojourn nearly ending,
With Judah's mountains before her eye,
The echoes of Kadesh and Canaan blending,
She has calmly turned her aside to die!

They come, not to gaze on the matchless glory,
On grandeur the like of which earth has not;
A billowy ocean of mountains hoary,
A chaos of cliffs round this awful spot;
A vision like that in some old-world story,
Too terrible ever to be forgot.

The desert-rainbow that gleams before ye,
But leaves your solitude doubly bleak;
The shadows of sunset fall ghastly o'er ye;
Cliff frowns upon cliff, and peak on peak.

## *MOUNT HOR.*

O rocks of the desolate, lean and hoary,
What lip of man can your grandeur speak!

Splintered and blasted and thunder-smitten,
Not a smile above, nor a hope below;
Shivered and scorched and hunger-bitten,
No earthly lightning has seamed your brow;
On each stone the Avenger's pen has written
Horror and ruin, and death and woe.

The king and the priest move on unspeaking,
The desert-priest and the desert-king;
'Tis a grave, a mountain-grave they are seeking,
Fit end of a great life-wandering!
And here, till the day of the glory-streaking,
This desert-eagle must fold his wing.

The fetters of age have but lightly bound him,
This bold sharp steep he can bravely breast;
With his six-score wondrous years around him,
He climbs like youth to the mountain's crest.
The mortal moment at last has found him,
Willing to tarry, yet glad to rest.

Is that a tear-drop his dim eye leaving,
As he looks his last on yon desert-sun?
Is that a sigh his faint bosom heaving,
As he lays his ephod in silence down?
'Twas a passing mist, to his sky still cleaving;—
But the sky has brightened,—the cloud is gone!



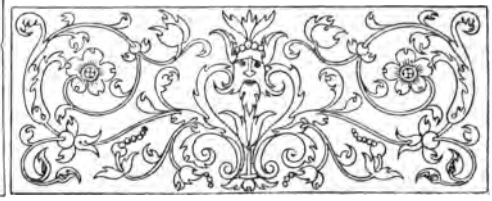
## *MOUNT HOR.*

In his shroud of rock they have gently wound him,
'Tis a Bethel-pillow that love has given;
I see no gloom of the grave around him,
The death-bed fetters have all been riven;
'Tis the angel of life, not of death, that has found him,
And this is to him the gate of heaven.

He has seen the tombs of old Mizraim's wonder,
Where the haughty Pharaohs embalmed recline;
But no pyramid-tomb, with costly grandeur,
Can once be compared with this mountain-shrine;
No monarch of Memphis is swathed in splendour,
High priest of the desert, like this of thine.

Not with thy nation thy bones are lying,
Nor Israel's hills shall thy burial see;
Yet with Edom's vultures around thee flying,
Safe and unrifled thy dust shall be;—
Oh who would not covet so calm a dying,
And who would not rest by the side of thee?

Not with thy fathers thy slumber tasting;
From sister and brother thou seemest to flee:
Not in Shechem's plain are thy ashes wasting,
Not in Machpelah thy grave shall be;



## *MOUNT HOR.*

In the land of the stranger thy dust is resting,—
Yet who would not sleep by the side of thee?

Alone and safe, in the happy keeping
Of rocks and sands, till the glorious morn,
They have laid thee down for thy lonely sleeping,
Waysore and weary and labour-worn;
While faintly the sound of a nation's weeping
From the vale beneath thee is upward borne.

As one familiar with gentle sorrow,
With a dirge-like wailing the wind goes by;
And echo lovingly seems to borrow
The plaintive note of the mourner's cry,
Which comes to-day and is gone to-morrow,
Leaving nought for thee but the stranger's sigh.

Alone and safe, in the holy keeping,
Of Him who holdeth the grave's cold key,
They have laid thee down for the blessed sleeping,
The quiet rest which His dear ones see;—
And why o'er thee should *we* weep the weeping,
For who would not rest by the side of thee?

Three Hebrew cradles, the Nile-palms under,
Rocked three sweet babes upon Egypt's plain;

## *MOUNT HOR.*

Three desert-graves must these dear ones sunder;
Three sorrowful links of a broken chain;
Kadesh and Hor, and Nebo yonder,—
Three way-marks now for the pilgrim-train.

Are these my way-marks, these tombs of ages?
Are these my guides to the land of rest?
Are these grim rock-tombs the stony pages,
Which shew how to follow the holy blest?
And bid me rise, 'bove each storm that rages,
Like a weary dove to its olive nest?

Is death my way to the home undying?
Is the desert my path to the Eden-plain?
Are these lone links, that are round me lying,
To be gathered, and all re-knit again?
And is there beyond this land of sighing
A refuge for ever from death and pain?

On this rugged cliff, while the sun is dying,
Behind yon majestic mountain-wall,
I stand;—not a cloudlet above me flying,—
Not a foot is stirring, no voices call;—
A traveller lonely, a stranger, trying
To muse o'er this wondrous funeral.

In silence we stand, till the faint stars cover
This grave of ages. Yes, thus would we
Still look and linger, and gaze and hover
About this cave where thy dust may be!

Great Priest of the desert, thy toil is over,
And who would not rest by the side of thee?

And night, the wan night is bending over
The twilight couch of the dying day,
With dewy eyes, like a weeping lover,
That doats on the beauty that will not stay,
And sighs that the mould so soon must cover
Each golden smile of the well-loved clay.

The night of ages bends softly o'er us;
Four thousand autumns have well-nigh fled,
Love watches still the old tomb before us
Of sainted dust in its mountain-bed;
Till the longed-for trump shall awake the chorus,
From desert and field, of the blessed dead.

## SEEK THE THINGS ABOVE.

SIGH not for palm and vine;
Nor for the sun-loved land which palm and vine are shading;
Call not its verdure glorious and unfading,
Nor its bright air delicious and divine!
That chiller land of thine,
Where spring the oak and pine,
Without or palm or vine,
Or glossy olive-grove,
Is worthier of thy love.

## *SEEK THE THINGS ABOVE.*

Sigh not for cloudless skies,
Nor for the magic vales o'er which these skies
are bending;
Praise not the glowing orb which every hour
is sending
Its light-flood, never ebbing, never ending,
On the fair Paradise
That underneath it lies;
Pouring o'er earth and sea
Its breathless brilliancy;
Filling the summer air
With its untempered glare.

Love thine own happier land;
The greenest land which earth's clear streams
are washing,
The freshest shore on which earth's sea is
dashing.
Covet no sunnier strand,
Gleaming with golden sand.
If thou wilt still be sighing
For fairer climes than this,
For realms of richer bliss;
Sigh for the land of the undying,
On which no blight nor curse is lying,
Where all is holiness
And everlasting peace;
Where God, upon His throne,
Gives joy for aye;
The Lamb, the light and sun,
Sheds glorious day.

## THE GAIN OF LOSS.

NAY, give me back my blossoms,
Said the palm-tree to the Nile;
But the stream passed on unheeding,
With its old familiar smile.

Give back my golden ringlets,
Said the palm-tree to the Nile;
But the stream swept by in silence,
With its dimple and its smile.

With its dimple and its smile it passed,
With its dimple and its smile,
All heedless of the palm's low wail,
That sunny, sunny Nile!

By Rodah's island-garden,
With its ripple and its smile;
By Shubra's myrtle hedgerows,
It swept, that glorious Nile!

By Gizeh's great palm-forest
It flashed its stately smile;
By Bulak's river-harbour,—
That old majestic Nile!

By pyramid and palace,
With its never-ending smile;
By tomb, and mosque, and mazar,
It flowed, that mighty Nile!

## *THE GAIN OF LOSS.*

Come, give me back my blossoms,
  Sighed the palm-tree to the Nile;
But the river flowed unheeding,
  With its soft and silver smile.

With its soft and silver smile it flowed,
  With its soft and silver smile,
All heedless of the palm-tree's sigh,
  That strange, long-wandering Nile!

It seemed to say, 'tis better far
  To leave your flowers to me;
I will bear their yellow beauty on
  To the wondering, wondering sea.

'Tis better they should float away
  Upon my dusky wave,
Than find upon their native stem
  A useless home and grave.

If your sweet flowers remain with you,
  Fruitless your boughs must be;
'Tis their departure brings the fruit;
  Give your bright flowers to me.

Nay, ask not back your blossoms,
  To the palm-tree said the Nile;
Let me keep them said the river,
  With its sweet and sunny smile.

And the palm gave up its blossoms
  To its friend so wise and old,
And saw them all, unsighing,
  Float down the river's gold.

## THE GAIN OF LOSS.

The amber-tresses vanished,
And the dear spring-fragrance fled;
But the welcome fruit in clusters
Came richly up instead.

'Tis thus we gain by losing,
And win by failure here;
We doff the gleaming tinsel,
The golden crown to wear.

Our sickness is our healing,
Our weakness is our might,
Life is but death's fair offspring,
And day the child of night.

'Tis thus we rise by setting,
Through darkness reach our day,
Our own ways hourly losing,
To find the eternal way.

'Tis by defeat we conquer,
Grow rich by growing poor;
And, from our largest givings,
We draw our fullest store.

Then let the blossoms perish,
And let the fragrance go;
All the surer and the larger
Is the harvest we shall know.

All the sweeter and the louder
Our song of harvest home,
When earth's ripe autumn smileth,
And the reaping-day has come.

## ORIENS.

ACROSS the plains of Europe, through the smoke
Of its grim cities, bend thy gaze afar
To Syrian mountains, o'er whose tops first woke
The youth and splendour of time's morning-star.

Turn from thy native west, where daylight dies,
And look to the fair lands where morning springs;
Morn, with its fresh and fragrant ministries,
And resurrection-symbols on its wings.

Cradle of life and birth-land of the day,
How the heart turns to it in silent hours,
As to the home of true nativity,
Truer than this far western shore of ours.

Six thousand summers, each a golden dream,
Have flung their glowing mantles o'er its hills;
Myriads of mornings, each a ruby gleam,
Have flushed in beauty o'er its lowly rills.

Turn from thy native north, where suns are scant,
And stars are mute, and skies all sickly-pale,
To purer climes where stars are eloquent,
Where suns and skies put on no cloudy veil.

## *ORIENS.*

O cliffs and vales, palm-groves and olive-slopes,
Fountains and tranquil lakes, serenely bright,
Where sprung and blossomed earth's first living hopes,
And darkness fled before the rising light.

Where heaven saluted earth, and God with man,
As friend with friend, walked in communion dear;
Where peace descended, and the ancient ban
Was cancelled that forbade us to draw near.

Where words were spoken, and where deeds were done,
That changed the current of earth's history,
That overthrew old altars, one by one;
Where truth divine shook down each human lie.

That spoke to weary souls of rest and peace,
Of the great love of God, so sure and true,
Of the wide open gate to heavenly bliss,
Of life through death, of old things all made new.

It is not now what once it was of old,
Nor what it shall be in the age divine;
Yet still it beameth with a love untold,
That dear, dear Orient, light's authentic shrine.

O land of morning, what a glory still
Above thee rests, though desolate thy ways;
We look from far to each one sacred hill,
And faith and hope grow stronger as we gaze.

How doubly true seems truth when seen through you,
Sion, and Lebanon, and Olivet;
How dear the Amen, old yet ever new,
That echoes to us from each ancient height.

Blessed the eyes that once upon you gazed,
Blessed the feet that once your highways trod,
Blessed the ears that heard the hymns once raised
In Salem's shrine, upon the Mount of God.

## FINISH THY WORK.

FINISH thy work, the time is short,
The sun is in the west,
The night is coming down, till then
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;
Till then rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest for ever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath,—and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won;
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
"Well done, well done."

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of thankful joy
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy path below,
Who made thee faithful to the death,
And crowns thee now.

## THE SWORD.

FOR the warfare gird it on,
Nor until the fight be won,
And the day's sharp work is done,
Lay it by!




## *THE SWORD.*

Sharp its edge; oh, use it well;
Strong against the strongest spell
Ever framed in earth or hell,
It will prove!

Bright its blade, oh keep it bright,
For the battle, day and night;
Stainless as the flashing light,
Let it shine!

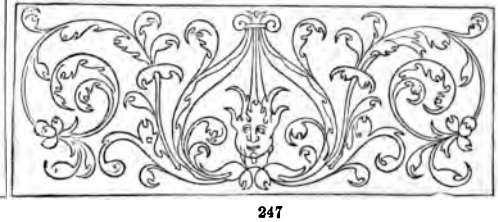
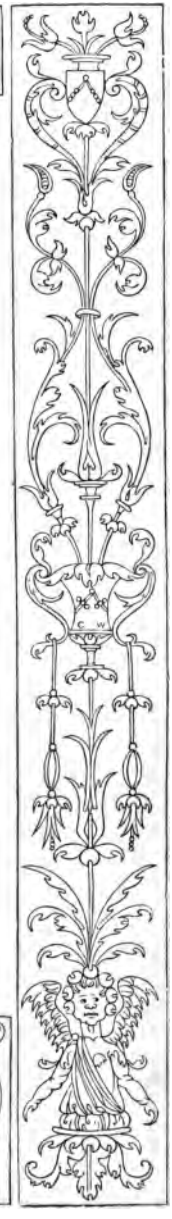
With it hew thy onward way,
Through hell's thickest war-array:
Nothing let thy soul dismay;
To the last!

Weapon of the true and just,
Trust it strongly, warrior, trust,
Keep it free from earthly rust;
Win it must!

Strike for God, and let each blow
Tell on Satan's overthrow,
Be the ruin of a foe;
Strike for God!

Not for angels was it made,
Man alone can wield that blade,
Soldiers of the great crusade,—
Host of God!

Sword of God, Thy power we hail;
He who has Thee cannot fail,
He who trusts Thee must prevail,
Mighty sword!

Rich in victories untold,
Still the precious sword of old,
Steel and gems and glorious gold,
To the last!

Till the warfare shall be done,
Till the victory be won,
Till the triumph be begun,
Grasp we Thee!

## VIGILATE.

IT travels onward, this old world of ours,
Bending beneath the weight of years and hours;
Mark its grey hairs, and note its failing powers!
*Vigilate!*

Its infancy, and youth, and prime are gone;
Leaning upon its staff, it totters on,
As one whose weary course is nearly done.
*Vigilate!*

Its sinking suns their lean, long shadows cast,
Its noon-gay mirth and rosy smiles are past,
Its fair, fresh firmament grows wan at last.
*Vigilate!*

Like leaves from some unknown, mysterious tree
Above our reach, its moments silently
Are dropping from a far eternity.
*Vigilate!*

## *VIGILATE.*

The nations shrink and tremble, king and crowd;
God's lightnings leap and flash from yon red cloud,
Answers each cliff, and peak, and vale aloud,
*Vigilate!*

The people cower and flee, like frightened flock,
Earth's stablest kingdoms to their centre rock,
And the old crust seems heaving with the shock.
*Vigilate!*

The gems upon the brow of kings grow dim,
Like stars of morning in heaven's eastern rim,
Fainter and feebler float up song and hymn.
*Vigilate!*

The world's old voice falls low, that once was strong,
And echo can but faintly now prolong
The "*Nunc dimittis*" of its dying song.
*Vigilate!*

## JUBILATE.

O quando lucescet tuus
Qui nescit occasum, dies,
O quando sancta se dabit,
Qui nescit hostem patria!
*Old Hymn.*

THE night-shades have begun their flight,
The mists are passing into light,
The morning-star is on the height;
*Jubilate!*

Adown the dark crag's sea-stained steep
The daylight has begun to creep,
The clouds are wakening from their sleep;
*Jubilate!*

Round the still sweep of list'ning skies,
The voice of the Archangel flies,
Bidding the blessed dead arise;
*Jubilate!*

Like sparkles from the glassy sea,
Or gleams of far eternity,
The signs of coming joy we see;
*Jubilate!*

The battle has been fought and won,
The sad, long work of sin undone,
The age of righteousness begun;
*Jubilate!*

The chains are on the Tempter now;
Of God and man the broken foe
Lies in eternal dungeon low;
*Jubilate!*

Silent the storm of passion now;
Cooled the hot air of strife below;
The strong before the feeble bow;
*Jubilate!*

See on yon green and silent plain
The idle sword, the broken chain;
And rust, not blood, is in their stain;
*Jubilate!*

The reign of peace and truth has come;
Christ on His earth has found a home,
And Israel rests, no more to roam;
*Jubilate!*

Death, the last enemy, is slain,
Life in its joy has come again,
And love resumes its ancient strain;
*Jubilate!*

## SWEET CUP OF SORROW.

SWEET cup of sorrow,
I would drink thee!
Cup of unearthly wine,
As thy lip touches mine,
I would bethink me,—

"Christ my joy and hope,
Once drained a bitterer cup,
Let me then drink thee up!"

Dear cup of sorrow,
I would own thee!
And speak thy praises true,
As only those can do
Who have known thee.
Sweet and bitter joined,
Medicine of soul and mind,
Health in thee let me find!

Though thou art bitter,
Love is in thee;
Pledge of the brighter wine,
Let my pale lips touch thine;
For within thee
Are the blessings seven;
O cup, O wine of heaven,
At the high banquet given!

## ZION'S MORNING.

ZION, awake!
Thy night is at an end,
Thy dawn has come,
Thy sun at last has risen,
Above thee once again
The glory rests;—
Arise and shine!



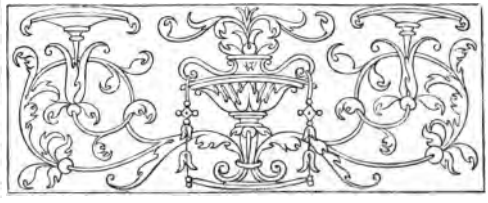
## *ZION'S MORNING.*

Ages of troubled sleep,
Long years of feverish dreams,
Have been thy lot, since first,
From the deep blood-filled cup,
In madness thou didst drain
Wine of astonishment;
And the dark sleep began!

The Roman battle-axe
Has thundered at thy gates;
The Roman torch laid low
Thy marble shrine;
The Roman plough thy sides
Has furrowed o'er and o'er;—
Yet thou hast slept!

The tramp of Moslem feet,
Clang of crusading steel,
The sound of endless war,
Voices of foe and friend,
The wailing of thy sons,
Have all been vain;
Thou hast not waked!

At length, awake, arise!
Put on thy glorious strength,
In beauty deck thyself;
Go forth to meet thy King,
Who comes in love and might,
In majesty and joy;
Thine own anointed King!



## ZION, AWAKE!

BREAK forth in song, long-silent earth;
Take up the unforgotten strain;
Spread over vale and hill the mirth
That tells of time begun again.

Awake, Jerusalem, rejoice!
Thy night is glimmering into noon.
Zion, arise! lift up thy voice;
Thy sorrows shall be ended soon.

Sounds the deep vesper bell of time,
Through earth's last tempest slowly borne,
For *thee* it is the matin-chime,
And to thy sons the note of morn.

Arise, put on thy robe of white;
Deck thee with beauty; let each gem
Sparkle its fairest to the light;
Put on thy crown, Jerusalem.

Thy widowhood is over now;
Strip off thy weeds; in bridal gold
And orient pearls thy glory show,
More regal than in days of old.

Upon thee now the Bridegroom pours
The fulness of an unquench'd love;
He leads thee where the endless stores
Of His own gladness thou shalt prove.

He comes, with His own hand to press
  Each wrinkle from thy careworn brow;
'Tis joy, and song, and mirth, and bliss,
  All Hallel and Hosanna now.

## JERUSALEM'S DAYSPRING.

THY light is come!
  Zion, arise and shine.
    On thee has risen at length
    The glory of the Lord,
    The glory of thy God.

Lo, darkness covers earth,
With universal veil.
    Thick darkness overspreads
    The nations near and far,
    Darkness that may be felt.

On thee, thy glorious sun,
Jehovah, shall arise;
    O'er thee, when all is night,
    His glory shall be seen,
    Bright herald of the dawn.

To thee the nations crowd,
And in thy light they walk;
    Zion, to thee they look,
    Kings to thy brightness come,
    Great dayspring of the world.

No more shall violence
Be heard within thy walls;
The spoiler is no more;
Thy walls salvation thou
Shalt call, and thy gates praise.

No more thy skies shall need
The splendour of this sun;
Thy noon is ever fair;
No more thy happy night
Shall need this earthly moon.

Jehovah is thy light,
Thy everlasting sun;
Thy God thy glory is;
Thy days of mourning now
Are at an end for aye.

Awake, put on thy strength,
Zion, awake, arise!
Put on thy raiment fair,
Holy Jerusalem,
The city of the King.

No more, no more the foe
Shall pass within thy gates.
Never again th' unclean
Shall tread thy blessed streets;
Zion, thy King is come!

The wilderness shall bloom,
The desolate place be glad,
The desert shall rejoice,
And blossom as the rose;
For all is gladness then.

To Zion, then, with songs
The ransomed of the Lord
Returns, and endless joy;
Sorrow and sighing then
Have fled away for ever.

Now with Jerusalem
Rejoice ye and be glad,
All ye that love her peace,
Rejoice for joy with her,
Ye, who for her have mourned.

Behold, now I create
New heavens, new earth;
Rejoice, for I create
Jerusalem a joy,
A joy for evermore.

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

AH, Lord, the world is dark!
But Thou art only, only light.
Its sun is but a dying spark;
But Thou art ever, ever bright.

## *LIGHT IN DARKNESS.*

Earth has no wisdom, Lord!
But Thou art only, only wise;
No bread its hungry fields afford,
No rain its iron skies!

A child of light am I;
My way I cannot, cannot miss;
And yet the goal I scarce descry,
In blinding darkness such as this.
Upon the narrow road,
Deep mist is settling darkly down;
And now the narrow and the broad
Seem mingled into one!

Light for these days of gloom!
Truth-beams to liberate and cheer;
Light for Thy Church to guide her home,
Light for each pilgrim-footstep here.
Let in the living blaze,
Till the deep midnight shines as day;
Sweep off the soul-bewildering haze
That hides the healing ray.

Build up the broken faith;
Lest hell, all hell, begin to mock.
The treasures of Thy life and death,
O dying, living One, unlock!
Raise up the ruined truth,
Afar let each fair falsehood flee;
Restore Thy Church's glorious youth,
Her primal purity.

## *LIGHT IN DARKNESS.*

Bring back Thy straying sheep,
  Who in this evil, cloudy day
Have failed the path of truth to keep,
  Loving dark error's spell-strewn way.
Cleanse out the temple, Lord!
  Scourge out, O Christ! the hireling train;
And scatter far the robber-horde
  That crowd Thy courts for gain.

Thy Church from Satan guard;
  Thrust out the error and the lie.
Self and the flesh destroy, O Lord,
  The pride, the pomp, the vanity.
Give zeal and holiness,—
  The calm, brave energy of love;
Shed down the freshening dew of peace,
  The life-shower from above.

Bid the long ages flee,
  Of doubt, uncertainty, and strife;
Give back the ancient unity,
  The love, the beauty, and the life.
Reign of the wise and just!
  Age of the good, the great, and true!
Through these thick clouds of smoke and dust,
  We calmly wait for you.

## OUR BATTLE.

Intrabimus, post omnia
Devicta mundi prælia,
Carnis soluti vinculis,
Vitae perennis Sabbatum.
*Old Hymn.*

HOW goes the fight with thee?
The life-long battle with all evil things?
Thine no low strife, and thine no selfish aim;
It is the war of giants and of kings.

Goes the fight well with thee?
This living fight with death and death's dark power?
Is not the stronger than the strong one near;
*With* thee and *for* thee in the fiercest hour?

Does it grow slacker now?
Then tremble; for, be sure, thy hellish foe
Slacks not; 'tis thou that slackest in the fight;
Fainter and feebler falls each weary blow.

Dread not the din and smoke,
The stifling poison of the fiery air;
Courage! It is the battle of thy God;
Go, and for Him learn how to do and dare!

What though ten thousand fall!
And the red field with the dear dead be strewn;

## *OUR BATTLE.*

Grasp but more bravely thy bright shield and sword,
Fight to the last, although thou fight'st alone.

What though ten thousand faint,
Desert, or yield, or in weak terror flee!
Heed not the panic of the multitude;
Thine be the Captain's watchword,—Victory!

Look to thine armour well!
Thine the one panoply no blow that fears;
Ours is the day of rusted swords and shields,
Of loosened helmets and of broken spears.

Heed not the throng of foes!
To fight 'gainst hosts is still the Church's lot.
Side thou with God, and thou must win the day;
Woe to the man 'gainst whom hell fighteth not!

Say not the fight is long;—
'Tis but one battle and the fight is o'er;
No second warfare mars thy victory,
And the one triumph is for evermore!

## GOD IN ALL, AND ALL IN GOD.

THEE in the loving bloom of morn,
Thee in the purple eve we see:
All things in heaven and earth, O Lord,
Live and move in Thee!

Thee in the spring's fresh joy and life;
Thee in the May-dew's timid glow;
Thee in the autumn's mellow blush;
Thee in winter's snow!

Life is not life without Thee, Lord;
Thou fill'st creation's wondrous whole;
Light is not light without Thy love;
Blank this boundless soul!

Thee, Lord, without, this seeing eye
Looks on a mist, a void, a blot;
Thee, Lord, without, this hearing ear
Hears, yet heareth not!

No, not the beauty of the earth,
Not the wide splendour of the sea;
No, not the glory of the heavens,—
Save as seen in Thee!

No, not the fragrance of the woods,
Nor the deep music of the breeze,
Not all the hues of field and flower,—
But Thyself in these!

## *GOD IN ALL, AND ALL IN GOD.*

No, not the valley nor the hill,
The lake, the stream, the waterfall;
No, not the girdling zone of blue,—
But Thyself in all!

No, not the flash of diamond,
The glow of pale or rosy gem;
Not the fair marble's polished front,—
But Thyself in them!

Without Thee day is darkest night,
With Thee the deepest night is day;
Earth's only sun, O Lord, art Thou,—
Shine our night away.

Being of beings, Lord and God,
Thee in all things these eyes would see;
And all things round, beneath, above,
Lord in Thee, in Thee!

Most blessed Lord, great God of all,
My dawn, my noon, my day, my eve,
My light, my glory, and my joy,
Lord, in whom I live!

Give to me every day and hour,
Some newer, holier, happier ray,
The earnest to my longing heart,
Lord, of Thy true day!

## SHINE ON.

SHINE on, sweet sun, and let my day
Grow brighter, as the gentle hours,
Moving in silent love, draw up
The incense of the noon-day flowers.

I need not fear the awful night
That prophet-pens foretell as near;
For me there is no cloud nor night,
My firmament is fair and clear.

It may be that the wrath may burst,
And nations drink the cup of ill;
I need not tremble at the storm,
My summer shall be summer still.

Like the fair stars my peace shall be;
My life is hid with Christ in God.
My anchor is within the veil,
And there my soul hath her abode.

The dark to me is only bright;
Calm, as the sea of glass, time's flood;
All grief is joy, and pain is ease,
And evil shall be only good.

## THE WAR-SONG OF THE CHURCH.

SOUNDS the trumpet from afar!
Soldiers of the holy war,
Rise; for you your Captain waits;
Rise, the foe is at the gates.

Arm! the conflict has begun;
Fight! the battle must be won;
Lift the banner to the sky,
Wave its blazing folds on high.

Banner of the blessed tree,—
Round its glory gather ye!
Warriors of the crown and cross,
What is earthly gain or loss!

Life with death, and death with life
Closes now in deadly strife;
Help us with Thy shield and sword,
King and Captain, mighty Lord.

King of glory, Thou alone;
King of kings, Thy name we own;
With Thy banner overhead
Not ten thousand foes we dread.

Spare not toil, nor blood, nor pain,
Not a stroke descends in vain;
Wounded, still no foot we yield
On this ancient battle-field.

More than conquerors even now,
With the war-sweat on our brow,
Onward o'er the well-marked road,
March we as the host of God.

Royal is the sword we wield,
Royal is our battle-field,
Royal is our victory,
Royal shall our triumph be.

## UPWARD.

UPWARD where the stars are burning
Silent, silent, in their turning
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest
Lift I now my longing soul.

Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly
In that palace of the holy,—
I would find my mansion there!

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving
And the palm is ever waving;—
That must be the home of homes.

Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With His name the palace rings.

Blessing, honour, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet;
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

## GOODWILL TOWARD MEN.

Fœno jacere pertulit,
Præsepe non abhorruit,
Parvoque lacte pastus est,
Per quem nec ales esurit.—*Old Hymn.*

NO God, our God, has come!
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
Bless, bless the blessed morn,
O happy, lowly, lofty birth,
Now God, our God, has come to earth.

Rejoice, our God has come!
In love and lowliness.

The Son of God has come,
The sons of men to bless.
God with us now descends to dwell,
God in our flesh, Immanuel.

Praise ye the Word made flesh!
True God, true man is He.
Praise ye the Christ of God!
To Him all glory be.
Praise ye the Lamb that once was slain,
Praise ye the King that comes to reign.

## THE WALK OF FAITH.

LIGHT hath arisen, we walk in its brightness;
Joy hath descended, its fulness has come;
Peace hath been spoken, we hear it, we take it;
Angels are singing, and shall we be dumb?

Calm mid the tempest around us that rages,
Mid the lone weariness ever at rest;
Silent amid the rude uproar of voices,
Sometimes disquieted, never opprest.

Happy in Him who hath loved us and bought us,
Rich in the life which He gives to His own,
Filled with the peace passing all understanding,
Never less lonely than just when alone.

## THE WALK OF FAITH.

Bright mid the thickest of earth's rolling shadows,
Light of the glory still playing around;
Sunshine at midnight, fair noon in the twilight,
When the damp mist-gloom lies dull on the ground.

Safe in His strength, in His love ever happy,
What are the tremblings and tossings of time?
Firm in His grasp, to His arm ever clinging,
Upward, still upward, we buoyantly climb.

High on the rock, in our fortress sure sheltered,
Wave, wind, and foeman assail us in vain,
Buckler and shield is He, what can alarm us,
What though the fiery darts shower like the rain?

Lead on, our Captain, we follow, we follow,
Life is no slumber, our battle no dream;
Lift up Thy banner, we rally, we rally,
Wave high Thy sword, we press on in its gleam.

Jesus, to Thee we look, Saviour Almighty;
Jesus, on Thee we rest, happy and free;
Jesus, on Thee we feed, bread of the hungry;
Jesus our all, lo, we lean upon Thee!

What are the shadows around us still floating,
Sunshine is glowing all brightly above,
Heed not the height of the cliffs we are climbing,
From them we gaze on the land that we love.

## THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

THEY hear His voice!
It is their Shepherd's, and they know it well.
They follow Him,
Where'er He leads, Shepherd of Israel.

A stranger-voice
They know not, love not, follow not, but flee.
One voice alone
Attracts; 'tis His, who said, "Come unto me."

He knows His sheep;
He counts them, and He calleth them by name.
He goes before;
They follow as He leads, through flood or flame.



## THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

He leads them out,
Into the pastures green, by waters still;
He leads them in;
And guards them safe within the fold from ill.

O wise and good!
O strong and loving One, mighty to save;
Thine own Thou wilt
Still keep and bring them up from the dark grave.

No want is theirs;
Thy fulness at their side doth ever stand;
No peril theirs,
For none can ever pluck them from Thy hand.

And when this day
Of storm and scattering is ended here,
Thou wilt them bring
To greener pastures and to streams more clear.

Amen, amen!
Good Shepherd, hasten Thou that glorious day
When we shall all
In the one fold abide with Thee for aye.

Thou in the midst;
And we delivered from all fear and sin!
No hunger more,
No thirst, nor heat, upon these plains of green.



O Lamb of God,
True Shepherd and true Lamb, Thou
both in one;
Us lead, us feed,
Till, all our wanderings done, we reach
the throne.

## IS HE NOT FAIR?

CANT. v. 16.

NONE like Him, of the sons of men,
Of all that noble be;
Among ten thousand of the fair,
The fairest He!

Yea, altogether lovely He;
All-perfect, like Him none;
Of excellent the chiefest He,
The Spotless One.

His is the name of names in heaven,
The name of names on earth;
I glory in that glorious name
Of matchless worth.

This my Beloved is, my Friend,
Brother, and Bridegroom rare;
O daughters of Jerusalem,
Is He not fair?

C.W.

## THE CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

SONG, Chap. iv.

BEHOLD, thou art all fair, my love;
Thine eyes, thy locks, thy brow
All excellence and comeliness,—
How beautiful art Thou!

Stately thy neck, like David's tower,
With splendour overspread;
Whereon a thousand bucklers hang,
Shields of the mighty dead.

Till the day break and shadows flee,
Myself betake I will
To the spice-mountain's fragrant heights,
And incense-breathing hill.

Thou art all beautiful, my love,
There is no spot in thee!
Come then, my bride, from Lebanon,
From Lebanon with me.

Look from Amana's summit, look
While I am by thy side;
Look from the top of Shenir, look
From Herman, look, my bride!

Love, sister, bride, thy beauty hath
Ravished this heart of mine!
Won it thou hast; and now it is
No longer mine, but thine.

## THE CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

Sister and spouse, how fair thy love,
How better far than wine!
Thy fragrance steals my heart, it is
No longer mine, but thine.

Thy lips are sweetness, and thy words
Are pleasantness each one;
Thy very raiment breatheth forth
The breath of Lebanon.

A garden is my sister-bride,
A paradise shut in;
A guarded spring, a fountain sealed
With water pure within.

Thine are the pleasant fruits and flowers,
Beneath, around, above;
Spikenard and balm, and myrrh and spice,
A paradise of love.

Thine are the springs which freshly o'er
A thousand gardens run,
The well of living waters Thou,
And streams from Lebanon.

Awake, O north wind, come thou south,
Upon my garden blow!
So shall the happy fragrance out
From all its spices flow.

Then forth through all His Paradise,
Let my beloved rove,
To breathe the gladness of its air,
And eat His fruits of love.

## TO MY TEMPTER.

FAIR sin, tempt me not;
Tempt me not, fair sin!
Thy loveliness is false,
False is thy loveliness;—
Tempter, away!

Sweet sin, kiss me not;
Kiss me not, sweet sin!
Thy kiss is fire and woe,
Fire and woe thy kiss;—
Kisser, begone!

Bright sin, love me not;
Love me not, bright sin!
Dark to me is thy love,
Thy love dark to me!—
Lover, farewell!

Eloquent sin, hush;
Hush, eloquent sin;
Thy eloquence is vain,
Vain thy eloquence;—
Sophist, begone!

## DIVINE PEACE.

PEACE upon peace, like wave on wave,
This is the portion that I crave;
The peace of God which passeth thought,
The peace of Christ which changeth not.

Peace like the river's gentle flow,
Peace like the morning's silent glow,
From day to day, in love supplied,
An endless and unebbing tide.

Peace flowing on, without decrease,
From Him who is our joy and peace,
Who, by His reconciling blood,
Hath made the sinner's peace with God.

Peace through the night and through the day,
Peace through all windings of our way,
In pain and toil and weariness,
A deep and everlasting peace.

O King of peace, this peace bestow
Upon a stranger here below;
O God of peace, thy peace impart
To every troubled trembling heart.

Peace from the Father and the Son,
Peace from the Spirit, all His own;
Peace that shall never more be lost,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## THE WHITE RAIMENT.

THE babe, the bride, the quiet dead,
Clad in peculiar raiment all,
Yet each puts on the spotless white
Of cradle, shroud, and bridal hall.

The babe, the bride, the shrouded dead,
Each entering on an untried home,
Wears the one badge, the one fair hue,
Of birth, of wedding, and of tomb.

Of death and life, of mirth and grief,
We take it as the symbol true;
It suits the tear, it suits the sigh,
That raiment of the stainless hue.

Not the rich rainbow's varied bloom,
That diapason of the light;
Not the soft sunset's silken glow,
Or flush of gorgeous chrysolite.

But purity of perfect light,
Its nature, undivided ray,
All that is best of moon and sun,
The purest of the dawn and day.

O cradle of our youngest age,
Adorned with white, how fair art thou;
O robe of infancy, how bright!
Like moonlight on the moorland snow.

O bridal hall, and bridal robe,
How silver bright your jewelled gleam,
Like sunrise on the gentle face
Of some translucent mountain-stream.

O shroud of death, so soft and pure,
Like starlight upon marble fair;
Ah, surely it is life, not death,
That in still beauty sleepeth there.

Let mine be raiment whiter still,
With lustre bright that cannot fade;
Purer and whiter than the robe
Of babe, or bride, or quiet dead.

Mine be the raiment given of God,
Wrought of fine linen clean and white,
Fit for the eye of God to see,
Meet for His home of holy light.

## THERE LAID THEY JESUS.

REST, weary Son of God, and I with Thee,
Rest in that rest of Thine.
My weariness was Thine; Thou bearest it,
And now Thy rest is mine.

Rest, weary Son of God, we joy to think
That all Thy toil is done.
No ache, no pang, no sigh for Thee again;
Thy joy is now begun.

## *THERE LAID THEY JESUS.*

Thy life on earth was one sad weariness;
Nowhere to lay Thine head:
Thy days were toil and heat, Thy lonely nights
Sought some cold mountain bed.

How calmly in that tomb Thou liest now,
Thy rest how still and deep.
O'er Thee in love the Father rests, He gives
To His beloved sleep.

On Bethel-pillow now Thy head is laid
In Joseph's rock-hewn cell;
Thy watchers are the angels of Thy God,
They guard Thy slumbers well.

With Thee Thy God and Father still abides,
And Thou art not alone.
He in that still, dark chamber is with Thee,
The well-beloved Son.

Oh, silent, silent is Thy earthly tomb!
The raging of Thy foes
Is ended now; nor Jew nor Roman now
Can ruffle Thy repose.

No rabble-roar, nor din, nor scoff,
Can reach Thy holy ear;
Hatred may shout, or love draw near to weep,
But nought now canst Thou hear.

Rest, weary Son of God; Thy word is done,
And all Thy burdens borne;
Rest on that stone, till the third sun has brought
Thine everlasting morn.

Then to a higher, brighter, truer rest,
Upon the throne above,
Rise, weary Son of man, to carry out
Thy glorious work of love.

Ours may be yet a way of strife and toil,
But Thou from all art free.
Our future is an unknown weariness,
But all is well with Thee.

## AS MANY AS TOUCHED HIM.

HE came a leper, all unclean and foul;
He left, as fresh as freshest infancy.
So come I to Thy feet, unclean in soul,
So leave I, Lord, cleansed and restored by Thee.

"Lord, if Thou willest, Thou canst make me clean,"
He knew the *power;* the *love* he did not know.
That power he sought; nor pleaded he in vain;
The love he knew not came in fullest flow.

Both power and love are in Thee plenteous still;
As full for me, as they were once for him.
Still, Lord, I hear Thee saying now, "I will;"
Let not my ear be dull, my eye be dim.

I touch Thee and am cured! No touch of mine
Can render Thee impure, whatever be
The foulness of the hand that touches Thine:—
Thee it defiles not, yet it cleanses me.

I touch Thee, and the electric current flows;
My touch has all Thy skill and power revealed;
Thee I infect not with my sins or woes,
And yet by touching Thee my soul is healed.

It gives to Thee my sickness, and to me
Imparts Thy health; my evil Thou dost bear,
And I Thy good; all my iniquity
From me Thou takest, I Thy beauty wear.

That touch to me is Paradise restored,
It is to me the very gate of heaven.
Thou art my health, my happiness, O Lord,
In Thee I stand, delivered and forgiven.

Give to my being heavenly strength and youth,
Make all the powers of this my healed soul
Inlets of light, of holiness, and truth;
Thy love has healed me and I shall be whole.

## PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT.

ALMIGHTY Comforter and Friend,
Eternal Spirit, now descend,
Fill us from Thy heavenly store!
Thou art the Church's holy guest,
Earnest of her eternal rest,
Let us grieve Thee never more.

Great Promise of the Father, come,
The Church's fading lamps relume;
Come, rekindle joy and love!
Wisdom, and truth, and love are Thine,
Life, light, and holiness divine.
Shed Thy gifts down from above!

Witness of Him who died and rose,
Who, as the Conqueror of our foes,
Took His seat upon the throne!
Great gift of Jesus glorified,
Revealer of the crucified,
Unto us reveal the Son!

## THE CROSS.

BY the cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace!
Health from yonder tree is flowing,
Heavenly light is on it glowing,
From the blessed Sufferer's face.

Here the holy, happy greeting,
Here the calm and joyful meeting,
God with man in glad accord;
Love that cross to us is telling,
Darkness, doubt, and fear dispelling;—
Love in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Here is pardon's pledge and token,
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,
Righteous peace securely made.
Brightens now the brow once shaded,
Freshens now the face once faded.
Peace with God now makes us glad.

All the love of God is yonder,
Love above all thought and wonder,
Perfect love that casts out fear!
Strength like dew is here distilling,
Glorious life our souls is filling,—
Life eternal, only here!

Here the living water welleth,
Here the Rock, now smitten, telleth
Of salvation freely given.
This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the city,
This the very gate of heaven!

## OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

HOME of holy light,
Starland ever bright,
Realm of joy and peace,
City of pure bliss,
Hail we thy soft beams afar,
Our soul's true Morning-star.
Shine earth's mists away,
Bring the long, fair day!

Jesus is thy Sun,
Dimness thou hast none;—
He the Lamb once slain,
Theme of each glad strain.
Blessing, honour, wisdom, power,
Be His for evermore!
This the song they sing
Praising their high King.

## *OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.*

Robes of festival
Wear thy dwellers all.
Sin can never come
Into that dear home.
  Frown, nor fear, nor sigh, nor strife,
    Disturb the joyous life.
Port of calm at last;
Every storm long-past.

Earth's forgotten dreams,
Shades or golden gleams,—
Earth's forgotten hours,
Sunshine or sad showers,—
  Earth's forgotten tears, so long
    That marred time's rising song,—
Come no more, no more,
On that fair, fair shore!

Hail dear home of rest,
Palace of the blest,
Hall of hymn and psalm,
Seat of deep true calm,
  Thee we greet with longing love,
    Greet thou us from above!
Happy, happy seat
Where the long-lost meet!

From the throne we hear
Heavenly voices clear.
"Come up hither all,"
Ringeth the loud call,

All who bear the cross below,
Who follow Jesus now.
Answer we again,
"Yea, Amen, Amen."

## ALMOST HOME.

FROM earth retiring,
Heav'nward aspiring,
All my long day's work below now done;
Calmly reclining
All unrepining,
Jesus, let me lean on Thy love alone.

On love relying,
Thy love undying,
Not a shade can fall upon my soul;
Here am I resting,
The joy foretasting,
Of the life beyond this life's dark goal.

Thine arms embracing,
Each shadow chasing,
Chains of flesh now cease my soul to hold;
Pilgrim staff breaking,
Royal badge taking,
Earth's torn raiment all exchanged for gold.

## *ALMOST HOME.*

No more low-caring,
No more wayfaring,
  These soiled sandals loosed and flung away.
Done with the soiling,
Done with the toiling,
  All my burdens lay I down for aye.

Ended the jarring,
Past all the warring,
  Quit I gladly life's rude war array;
Victory crying,
Enemies flying,
  Thus my armour put I off for aye.

Pain yet assails me,
Strength oft-times fails me,
  Yet my weakness is my strength and rest;
Light o'er me stealing,
Softly revealing
  Scenes of glory up among the blest.

Head no more sinking,
Eyes no more shrinking,
  From the world's gay glitter here below;
Life's cup is draining,
Time's star is waning,
  Christ, receive my soul! To Thee I go.

Earth is retreating,
Heaven is me greeting,
  Hope is lighting up new scenes above;

Tranquilly lying,
Peacefully dying,
Jesus beckons upward to His love.

## RESURRECTION.

SOON this corruptible
Shall, from the tomb,
Rise incorruptible,
Leaving the gloom.
Soon shall this mortal frame
Spring from its bed of shame,
When Christ hath come.

Bright morn of morns to me,
When I arise,
Leaving the grave behind;
When these dull eyes
Shall my Redeemer see
In immortality
In yonder skies;

Then shall the glorious hope
Come from on high;
Death shall be swallowed up
In victory.
Then shall we gladly sing,
Death, where is now thy sting,
Thy victory?

Grave, where thy triumph now,
Thy victory?
Where are thy captives now?—
Set free, set free!
Torn from thy grasp are they,
Plucked from thy power away,
Set free, set free!

Thanks then to God our Lord,
Thanks ever be!
Praises to Christ our Lord
For ever be!
Who, o'er the mortal gloom,
Who, o'er the hateful tomb,
Gives victory.

## THE DELIVERER.

I will come in and sup with him.
*Imitated from Latin.*

COME, oh come, Thou King of glory,
Take us from our prison-house;
Purge and heal the wounded conscience,
Perfect pardon seal to us.
Hallelujah,
King of glory, visit us.





## *THE DELIVERER.*

In iniquity conceived,
Born in sin, estranged from Thee;
Ours has been a life of bondage;—
Thou hast bought and made us free.
Hallelujah,
Let us chant our jubilee.

Give us, of Thy fulness give us,
Fountain of all holiness!
Give us, Lord, the purgèd conscience,
Resting calmly on Thy grace.
Hallelujah,
In Thyself us freely bless.

King of glory, every shadow
Take from between us and Thee;
In Thy love, O King of glory,
Let us rest eternally.
Hallelujah,
Let these hearts repose in Thee.

King of glory, take the blindness
Of our sinful souls away;—
Error, ignorance, and folly,—
That no more our feet may stray.
Hallelujah,
Let Thy wisdom in us stay.

Cure in us the love of sinning;
Every weakness from us take;
This world's iron yoke of evil
Break, O King of glory, break.
Hallelujah,
Like Thyself us, Saviour, make.



Sloth and pride and darkness banish;
Us with light and meekness fill.
Pureness give, and love, the fairest,
Brightest of the graces still.
Hallelujah,
Reign Thou in our heart and will.

King of glory, let us love Thee,
Love Thee with a child-like heart;
Thine it is alone to give us
Love that never shall depart.
Hallelujah,
Thou our King and Saviour art.

## INTERCESSION.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee.
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

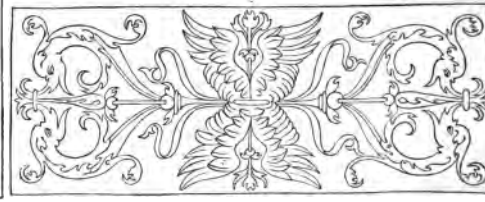



## *INTERCESSION.*

When the worldling, sick at heart,
  Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
  To his father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
  Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
  To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
  All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
  And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
  Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
  Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care
  In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
  Names the name of God;
When the learned and the high,
  Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
  Name the blessed Name:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.




When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come!
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

## IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE.

THE gems of earth are still within
Her silent unwrought mines;
There hide they, all unknown, unseen:
No sparkle upward shines.

The stars of heaven how few and wan
  Are all we see below,
Compared with what remain unseen
  Beyond all vision now.

Who knows the untold brilliance there,
  The wealth, the beauty hid?
Like sparkle of a lustrous eye
  Beneath the eyelid hid.

So with the heaven of better stars
  Of which there are but signs;
So with the stores of wisdom hid
  In everlasting mines.

For what we shall in that day be
  It doth not yet appear;
But when we see Him as He is
  We shall His likeness wear.

## THE COMFORT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

WHEN the leaves of life are falling,
When the shadows flit appalling,
When the twilight voice is calling;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

## *COMFORT OF THE HOLY GHOST.*

When youth's verdure all is fading,
When I pass into the shading,
Life's long load at last unlading;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the frost of time has found me,
When the chains of age have bound me,
When the evening mists surround me;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the worn-out flesh is sinking,
When from burdens it is shrinking,
And from earthly ties unlinking;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the gates of life are closing,
All its lattice-bolts unloosing,
And the Spirit seeks reposing;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When these skies look wan and dreary,
When the inner man is weary,
Worn out by the adversary;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the once keen eye is failing,
When the stedfast heart is quailing,
Flesh, and fiend, and world assailing;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When past sins are flocking round me,
When the fiery arrows wound me,
As if hell would then confound me;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When I think on manhood wasted,
Cups of pleasure vilely tasted,
Holy longings madly blasted;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When my farewells I am taking,
And these lower rooms forsaking,
To my upper home betaking;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

Holy Spirit, strength in weakness,
Holy Spirit, health in sickness,
Give me comfort, patience, meekness;—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

Ah, Thou wilt not then forsake me,
Strong in weakness Thou wilt make me,
To Thy bosom Thou wilt take me,—
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

## ETERNAL WATER-BROOKS.

ETERNAL water-brooks
Fed by no earthly rain,
Nor sublunary dew,
In dales or mountain-nooks;
Whose springs are not the inconstant clouds,
Nor the deep's perilous blue,
Nor the cold ice-rocks of the cliff,
Nor the chill moorland where the flowers are few,—

## *ETERNAL WATER-BROOKS.*

Rivers of joy and life,
Far from our storm and strife,
My spirit thirsts for you!

Across no desert waste
Wanders your happy flood,
O'er no volcanic fire
Ye take your trembling road;
But through the meadows of the blest,
The home of love and God,
Where health and peace and rest
Have their secure abode.

Beneath no human fane
Riseth your crystal stream,
Upon no earthly palaces
Flasheth your golden gleam;
But from the heavenly throne
Of God and of the Lamb,
The shrine and palace bright
Of Him the great I AM.

Celestial water-brooks!
Bright with unearthly blue,
Fresh with the living flood of heaven,—
Each day, in passing through
This parched wilderness of time,
My spirit thirsts for you!

## LOVE NOT THE WORLD.

LOVE not the world!
What is there here to love?
That which is loveable is not of earth;
Fix thou thine eyes above.

The face of time
Is never in one stay;
The beauty of this fascinating world
Endureth but a day.

Of things below
The best is but a lie;
The blossoms of the spring and childhood's buds
Must fade, and fall, and die.

The beautiful,
All bright, and fresh, and gay,
May pass, like sun-gleam through a broken cloud,
Across thy untried way.

Be not deceived!
Through all this earthly air
A hellish poison pours its deadliness:
The plague of sin is there.

And who shall heal
Or disinfect this air?
Who disenchant it of the pleasant spell,
Or break the unseen snare?

## *LOVE NOT THE WORLD.*

Be not deceived!
Into each human vein
Sin penetrates, and we with opiates seek
To soothe the subtle pain.

It dims the eye;
It dulls the inner ear;
It dazzles, and it darkens, and it blinds,
It worketh awe and fear.

It worketh wrath,
And woe, and want, and doom;
It leads us darkly to the second death,
The everlasting tomb.

Love not the world,—
Its dreams, its songs, its lies;
They who have followed in its train are not
The true, and good, and wise.

The wise and good
They choose the better part;
To the true world that is to come they give
The true and single heart.

Love not the world!
He in whose heart the love
Of vanity has found a place, shuts out
Th' enduring world above.

Love not the world!
However fair it seem;
Who loveth this fond world? The love of God
Abideth not in him.

That heart of thine
For God, thy God, was made;
Who loves this God of love,—he lives,
Who loveth not, is dead.

Though this wide earth,
With all its love and gold,
Were his, yet still he liveth not whose heart
To God is sealed and cold.

Seek not the world!
'Tis a vain show at best;
Bow not before its idol-shrine; in God
Find thou thy joy and rest.

## COULD YE NOT WATCH?

COULD ye not watch
One hour, one hour with Me,
Beloved, in this solitude,
In My deep agony?

Could ye not watch?
Could ye not give to Me
That which My human spirit craves,
Your human sympathy?

How will ye watch,
In the world's dazzling day,
In its hot slumb'rous atmosphere,
When I am far away?

## *COULD YE NOT WATCH?*

How will ye watch
In after days alone,
When left without a Master here,
Lover and friend all gone?

If sleep ye will
In this Gethsemane,
Poor watchers with an absent Lord,
Will ye not elsewhere be?

Why sleep ye now?
Beloved, rise and pray;
He that betrayeth is at hand,
Watch then while watch ye may.

The hour and power
Of darkness now is come;
The Shepherd smitten is at length,
And ye, the sheep, must roam.

What! Sleep ye now?
Children of light and day!
In ease and sloth do ye thus fling
Your dying hours away?

Oh, watch and pray,
Lest enemies assail;
And, when the evil days draw on,
Your faith give way and fail.

Watch, then, and pray!
See the dark tempter's snare:
He lurks to smite, or to seduce,—
Oh watch, then, unto prayer.

## *COULD YE NOT WATCH?*

He comes, he smiles,
  As angel of the light;
Yet ruler of the darkness he,
  And prince of this world's night.

He comes, he speaks!
  And still the ancient lie
Is on his lips, to lure and cheat,—
  "Ye shall not surely die."

God of this world,
  He decks his kingdom well;
It looks all pure and beautiful,
  Seen through its radiant spell.

As light shuts out
  Each everlasting star,
So does the light of his false noon,
  The worlds that shine afar.

Cheat not thyself;
  Miss not the one true day;
The end of all things is at hand,—
  Oh, wake, and watch, and pray!

## GIVE GLORY.

Psallat altitudo cœli,
Psallant omnes angeli,
Quicquid est virtutis usquam
Psallat in laudem Dei.
Nulla linguarum silescat,
Vox et omnis personet
Saeculorum saeculis.—*Old Hymn.*

TO the name of God on high,
God of might and majesty,
God of heaven, and earth, and sea,
Blessing, praise, and glory be.

To the name of Christ the Lord,
Son of God, Incarnate Word,
Christ, by whom all things were made,
Be an endless honour paid.

To the Holy Spirit be
Equal praise eternally,
With the Father and the Son,
One in name, in glory one.

This, the song of ages past,
Song that shall for ever last;
Let the ages yet to be
Join the joyful melody.

Glorious is our God the Lord,
Praises, then, with one accord
To His holy name be given,
By the sons of earth and heaven.

## LIGHT FOR WORK.

LORD, give me light to do Thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way of work can see.

In plainest things I daily err,
When walking in the light
The wisdom of this world affords,
However fair and bright.

In word, and plan, and deed I err,
When busiest in Thy work;
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.

The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn;
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.

Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
All prone to go astray.

Oh, send me light to do Thy work!
More light, more wisdom give!
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

C.W.

So shall success be mine, in spite
Of feebleness in me;
Beyond all disappointment then
And failure I shall be.

The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord;
It is Thy race we run;
Give light! and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

## THANKFUL REMEMBRANCES.

I LOOK along the past, and gather themes
For praise to Thee, my ever-gracious God.
It is a past of mercy, and it teems
With goodness at each step along the road.

Not always gladness and prosperity,
But always goodness from Thy patient hand;
Always the love that, even in saddest day,
Traced its clear prints upon time's silent sand.

## *THANKFUL REMEMBRANCES.*

I thank Thee for a holy ancestry;
I bless Thee for a godly parentage;
For seeds of truth and light and purity,
Sown in this heart from childhood's earliest age.

For word and church and watchful ministry,—
The beacon and the tutor and the guide;
For the parental hand and lip and eye,
That kept me far from snares on every side.

I thank Thee for a true and noble creed,
For wisdom, poetry, and gentle song;
For the bright flower, and for the wayside weed,
The friendship of the kind and brave and strong.

I thank the love that kept my life from sin,
Even when my heart was far from God and truth;
That gave me for a lifetime's heritage
The purities of unpolluted youth;

That kept my eyes from gazing on the wrong,
And taught them all the sweetness of the right;
That made me in my quiet hours to long
To get beyond this darkness into light;

That showed me that the world was not a rest,
Ev'n when it looked the loveliest, and its face
Shone with the gladness of the glowing east,
When it foretells a noon of cloudlessness;

That told me that all pomp was but a name;
That gold and silver were not life and joy;
That what to-day bestowed of love or fame,
To-morrow's breath would wither and destroy;

That kept me from the riotous and rude,
The oath, the lust, the revel, the lewd song;
That drew my footsteps to the wise and good,
And bid me shun the pleasure-loving throng;

That made me feel, even amid scenes most bright,
At times a strange, dark void and vacancy;
A longing for the real and infinite,
For something that would fill and satisfy;

For suns that would not set; for stars and skies
O'er which no sorrow-laden cloud would sweep;
Beauty that lives, and love that never dies;
A deeper and diviner fellowship.

If earthly beauty, said I, be so fair,
How fairer far the beautiful above;
If creature-love be so exceeding dear,
How dearer far the uncreated love!

O birth-place of the loveliness and light,
That shine so sweetly over earth and sea!
How excellent must Thou, the Infinite,
Eternal Source of all that beauty be!

Show me Thyself, then all is well with me:
Being of beings, fulness evermore;
Then shall my soul possess, my God, in Thee
Its never-emptying, everlasting store.

So shall the world be crucified to me,
So to the world shall I be crucified;
Thy face in righteousness, Lord, I shall see;
When I awake, I shall be satisfied.

## FOLLOW ME.

MATT. IV. 21, 22.

HE called them, and they left,
Forsook for Him their all;
They heard the voice, and followed Him,
Submissive to His call.

His one command prevails,
No second word they need;
His voice has proved Omnipotent,—
They walk, as He may lead.

They follow to the cross;
They follow to the crown;
Planting their footsteps upon His,
Making His path their own.



*FOLLOW ME.*

Their cross at once they take,
And follow Him, their Lord,
Confessing true discipleship,
And listening to His word.

With faces Salem-ward,
Through good report and ill,
They gird themselves for war and toil,
Upward and onward still.

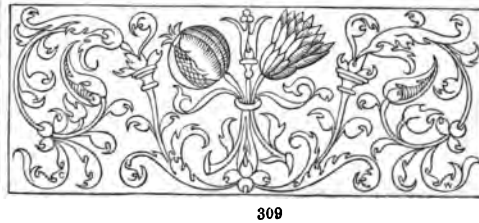
To work the work of God,
To breathe for Him their breath,
For Him to spend and to be spent,
Facing all fear and death.

Dreading no enemy,
With Christ upon their side,
Enduring hardness, shunning all
Of self and sloth and pride.

Content to sow in hope,
In patience and in pain,
Sure of a harvest yet to come,
And labour not in vain.

Forgetting all behind,
They press on to the prize,
Keeping the crown that fadeth not
Ever before their eyes.

Grasping the recompense;
Counting all loss but gain;
Glad with their Lord to suffer here,
That with Him they may reign.



## NOT TO SELF.

NOT to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live;
Not to the world henceforth shall we
Our strength, our being give.

The time past of our lives
Sufficeth to have wrought
The fleshly will, which only ill
Has to us ever brought.

No longer is our life
A thing unused or vain;
To us, even here, to live is Christ,
To us to die is gain.

Our life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;
Upward our heart would go to Him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

When He who is our life
Appears, to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed and shine
In glory like His own.

He liveth, and we live!
His life for us prevails;
His fulness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.

Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store;
So death is swallowed up of life;
We live for evermore.

Shine as the sun shall we
In the bright kingdom then,
Our sky without a cloud or mist,
Ourselves without a stain.

Like Him we then shall be,
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see Him as He is
And in His light abide.

Not to ourselves we live,
Not to ourselves we die;
Unto the Lord we die or live,
With Him are we on high.

We seek the things above,
For we are only His;
Like Him we soon shall be, for we
Shall see Him as He is.

## GLORY TO GOD.

TO Jehovah, God of might,
Everlasting, infinite,
Dwelling in His boundless heaven,
Be eternal glory given!

## GLORY TO GOD.

His the power, the love, the light,
His the day and His the night,
His the happy blue on high,
Earth's green round of spring and joy.

Darkness with its unseen smile,
Light that cheers our daily toil,
Midnight with its silent love
Brooding o'er us from above,
Rivers with their gentle song,
Sea-waves with their smiling throng,
Forests bending to the breeze,
Calm and tempest, all are His.

Life with all its changes here,
Hopes that rise above this sphere,
Visions of the far and nigh,
Gleams of glad eternity.
Peace that soothes the aching soul,
Health that makes the wounded whole,
Love that fills the heart with bliss,
Song and silence, all are His.

Let us then our honour bring
To this mighty Lord and King,
Let a new and ceaseless song
Break from every heart and tongue.
Praise Him as the God of might,
Praise Him as the Lord of light,
To His name our song we raise,
Father, Son, and Spirit praise.

## LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

LOVE thou the truth,
And speak the truth in love;
The wisdom pure and peaceable
Descendeth from above.

Hate thou the lie!
Yet without bitterness
Thy hatred of its evil speak,
Only to teach and bless.

Let not the stain
Of angry human breath
The heavenly mirror soil or dim,
Disturbing peace and faith.

All violence
Of soul, or pen, or tongue,
Not strength nor greatness is at all,
But feebleness and wrong.

Overbear none;
Trust not in sword or rod,
Man's feverish wrath commendeth not
The tranquil truth of God.

The error hate,
But love the erring one,
God's love it was that brought thee back
When thou astray wert gone.

Buy thou the truth,
And sell it not again;
Count thou no price too great for it;
Part with it for no gain.

All truth is calm,
Refuge and rock and tower;
The more of truth the more of calm,
Its calmness is its power.

Truth is not strife,
Nor is to strife allied;
It is the error that is bred
Of storm, by rage and pride.

Calmness is truth,
And truth is calmness still,
Truth lifts its forehead to the storm
Like some eternal hill.

## FEAR NOT, DAUGHTER OF ZION.

FEAR not, thou daughter of Zion,
He cometh, He cometh, thy King!
He cometh in lowly greatness,
Lift up thy voice and sing!

He hast'neth with love and blessing;
With glory and light to thee;
'Tis the day of the great salvation,
'Tis the year of jubilee.

## *FEAR NOT, DAUGHTER OF ZION.*

As the Prince of peace He cometh,
The Desire of the nations He;
As the Bridegroom He appeareth,
At midnight; awake and see.

As the King of earth He cometh,
As the theme of creation's song;
Let heaven begin the chorus,
And earth its notes prolong.

He cometh to spoil the spoiler,
To avenge and judge and reign;
He cometh to bind the strong one
In the everlasting chain.

He came once in shame and weakness,
As the bearer of human sin;
He cometh in royal splendour
His kingdom to begin.

He hath gone to receive His sceptre,
He returns as the crownèd King;
Break forth, O creation, in triumph,
Oh, lift up thy voice and sing!

Fear thou not, daughter of Zion,
And fear not, thou burdened earth,
The day of redemption cometh,
The day of thy second birth!

## JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

Se nascens dedit socium,
Convescens in edulium;
Se moriens in pretium
Se regnans dat in præmium.—*Old Hymn.*

THE Christ, the Son of God, hath died!
In life, in death, our surety He;
Within the tomb of rock He lay,
And with Him in that grave were we.

The Christ, the Son of God, now lives!
Death could not hold Him in its power;
He rose on the appointed morn,
And we were with Him in that hour.

The Christ, the Son of God, hath left
This earth, and to the Father gone;
With Him ascended we on high,
With Him are we upon His throne.

The Christ, the Son of God, from heaven
Looks down upon this evil earth;
And we with Him are looking down,
Waiting creation's second birth.

Our hearts are on the things above,
Where He doth sit, and we with Him;
Heaven is around us with its light,
And earth is distant all and dim.



*JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.*

The time of reigning is not yet,
And yet we feel as it had come;
The pilgrim-journey is not past,
And yet we feel as if at home.

Strange mixture of the low and high,
Of strife and peace, of earth and heaven,
The cross and crown, the bright and dark;—
'Tis night, 'tis noon; 'tis morn, 'tis ev'n.

Still in the flesh we burdened groan,—
Our strength is small, our friends are few;
Yet are we risen and glorified,
Old things have passed,—all things are new.

Our life is hid with Christ in God;
When He who is our life descends,
That hidden life shall be unveiled,
In beauty that all thought transcends.

And we shall see Him as He is,
And we shall know as we are known;
His bride, His love, His undefiled,
The sharers of His endless throne.

The day when He, the Son of God,
Once more upon this earth appears,
Shall be the last of time's dark course,
The first of the eternal years.

The day when He, the living One,
In glory and in light shall come,
From every grave shall burst a song,
And death-sealed lips no more be dumb.



Where, where, O death, is now thy sting?
And where, O grave, thy victory?
Death has been swallowed up in life,
The grave in immortality.

## HE COMES.

THE Master is come, and calleth!
He speaketh in grace to thee;
Dost thou not hear Him calling,
"Arise, and follow Me."

He comes for the great rewarding
Of the work here for Him done;
And He crowneth His faithful servants
With His everlasting crown.

The Bridegroom is come, and calleth!
He comes, He can tarry no more;
He comes for the marriage supper,
With the marriage joy in store.

Arise, and follow Me quickly,—
Thus He speaketh to thee aloud;
Arise, and ascend in brightness
Into that glorious cloud.

Quit now at last the chamber
Of long and loathsome gloom,
For the splendour of My pavilion:—
The marriage-day is come.

The Judge is come, and He calleth
  Before Him the sons of men;
Long, long has His voice been sounding,
  It sounds for the last again.

Its echoes across the ages
  Have been sounding for judgment long;
As the noise of the many waters,
  As the voice of archangel throng.

'Tis the time of the great enthroning;
  'Tis the day of wrath and doom;
'Tis the day of power and terror,
  And the sons of men are dumb.

## MY HIGH PRIEST.

I NEED no priest save Him who is above;
  No altar but the heavenly mercy-seat;
Through these there flows to me the pardoning love,
  And thus in holy peace my God I meet.

I need no blood but that of Golgotha;
  No sacrifice save that which, on the tree,
Was offered once, without defect or flaw,
  And which, unchanged, availeth still for me.

## *MY HIGH PRIEST.*

I need no vestments save the linen white,
With which my high priest clothes my filthy soul;
He shares with me His seamless raiment bright,
And I in Him am thus complete and whole.

I leave to those who love the gay parade,
The gold, the purple, and the scarlet dye;
Mine be the robe which cannot rend or fade,
For ever fair in the eternal eye.

I need no pardon save of Him who says,
"Neither do I condemn thee, go in peace;"
My Counsellor, Confessor, Guide He is,
My joy in grief, in bondage my release.

Forgiven through Him who died and rose on high,
My conscience from dead works thus purged and clean,
I serve the service of true love and joy;
And live by faith upon a Christ unseen.

## THE BLOOD THAT SPEAKETH BETTER THINGS.

NO, not the love without the blood;
That were to me no love at all;
It could not reach my sinful soul,
Nor hush the fears which me appal.

I need the love, I need the blood,
I need the grace, the cross, the grave,
I need the resurrection power,
A soul like mine to purge and save.

The love I need is righteous love,
Inscribed on the sin-bearing tree,
Love that exacts the sinner's debt,
Yet in exacting sets him free.

Love that condemns the sinner's sin,
Yet in condemning pardon seals;
That saves from righteous wrath, and yet,
In saving, righteousness reveals.

Love boundless as Jehovah's self,
Love holy as His righteous law,
Love unsolicited, unbought,
The love proclaimed on Golgotha.

This is the love that calms my heart,
That soothes each conscience-pang within,
That pacifies my guilty dread,
And frees me from the power of sin.

The love that blotteth out each stain,
That plucketh hence each deadly sting,
That fills me with the peace of God,
Unseals my lips and bids me sing.

The love that liberates and saves,
That this poor straitened soul expands,
That lifts me to the heaven of heavens,
The shrine above, not made with hands.

The love that quickens into zeal,
That makes me self-denied and true,
That leads me out of what is old,
And brings me into what is new.

That purifies and cheers and calms,
That knows no change and no decay;
The love that loves for evermore,
Celestial sunshine, endless day.

## THE BOOK OF GOD.

THY thoughts are here, my God,
Expressed in words divine,
The utterance of heavenly lips
In every sacred line.

Across the ages they
Have reached us from afar,
Than the bright gold more golden they,
Purer than purest star.

More durable they stand
  Than the eternal hills;
Far sweeter and more musical
  Than music of earth's rills.

Fairer in their fair hues
  Than the fresh flowers of earth,
More fragrant than the fragrant climes
  Where odours have their birth.

Each word of Thine a gem
  From the celestial mines,
A sunbeam from that holy heaven
  Where holy sunlight shines.

Thine, Thine, this book, though given
  In man's poor human speech,
Telling of things unseen, unheard,
  Beyond all human reach.

No strength it craves or needs
  From this world's wisdom vain;
No filling up from human wells,
  Or sublunary rain.

No light from sons of time,
  Nor brilliance from its gold,
It sparkles with its own glad light,
  As in the ages old.

A thousand hammers keen
  With fiery force and strain,
Brought down on it in rage and hate,
  Have struck this gem in vain.

Against this sea-swept rock
Ten thousand storms their will
Of foam and rage have wildly spent;
It lifts its calm face still.

It standeth and will stand,
Without or change or age,
The word of majesty and light,
The church's heritage.

## BRING THE BRIGHT DAY.

BRING the bright day to me,
Light up its joy within;
Thy heavenly sunshine, Lord,
In all its joy pour in.

Pour in Thy heavenly health,
Remove all pain and ill;
With strength divine and true,
My feeble being fill.

Fill, and it shall be filled,
This empty soul of mine;
With Thy all-quickening sap,
Fill me, Thou living Vine.

Thou living Vine, me fill,
Dead though I long have been,
Until each withered branch
Shall freshen into green.

Speak but the quickening word,
And death shall quickly die,
This mortal is exchanged
For immortality.

## COMMUNION.

ONE Christ we feed upon, one living Christ,
Who once was dead, but lives for ever now;
One is the cup of blessing which we bless,
True symbol of the blood which from the cross did flow.

Oh feed me daily on the living bread,
Refresh me hourly with the living wine,
Oh satisfy my famished soul with food,
And quench my thirst with fruit of the eternal vine.

Thy flesh is meat indeed, my God and Lord,
Thy blood is drink indeed for evermore;
On Thee alone I feed, of Thee I drink,
That into this sick soul the heavenly health may pour.

My life, my everlasting life art Thou,
My health, my joy, my strength, I owe to Thee;

Because Thou livest, I shall also live,
And where Thou art in glory, there I too shall be.

Thou *with* us, and Thou *in* us,—this is life;
All that the Father is, in Thee we see;
O Christ of God, what art Thou not to us,
And what of wealth is there we may not find in Thee!

Great All in all, eternal Word made flesh,
Alpha and Omega, creation's King;
The church's Head, the church's Bridegroom too,
Thee, blessed Saviour, Thee, we celebrate and sing.

Chief of ten thousand, lovely and beloved,
The Rose of Sharon, ever fresh and fair,
In Thee is all created beauty found,
All uncreated excellence is truly there.

O Christ, we praise Thee for Thy glory great,
But for Thy death of love we praise Thee most;
We praise Thee, Son of the eternal God,
We praise the Father too, we praise the Holy Ghost.

## THE GIFT OF PEACE.

WE take the peace which He hath won,
The peace which by His cross was made;
He is our peace who maketh one!
The reconciling blood is shed.

He the long enmity hath slain,
The quarrel between man and God;
And He, at last, love's righteous reign
Hath stablished by His precious blood.

The night that on time's primal day,
So sadly, suddenly, came down,
His rising light hath swept away,
The midnight and the darkness gone.

We take the triumph He has has bought,
For us, when He the spoiler slew,
The liberty which He hath brought
From heaven to earth, divine and true.

We take the pardon which He gives,—
True root and spring of holy fear;
We take the life that ever lives,
And enter upon sonship here.

He that believes is not condemned!
This is our watchword and our song;
Thus unalarmed and unashamed,
In light and joy we pass along.

'Tis God that justifies! Amen.
Who shall condemn His justified?
If God be on our side, who then
Can harm those for whom Jesus died?

He died, but rose, for life was His;
His resurrection-joy was ours;
Ours His eternal victories
O'er principalities and powers.

In place of honour and of rest
He sits, our mighty Advocate,
Our names engraven on His breast;
Who from His love can separate?

Yes; He hath entered into rest,
And we with Him shall enter there;
Our place, our home among the blest,
He hath ascended to prepare.

Near hope, and dear! It says, Be still.
Care, trouble, weariness, depart;
With thoughts of coming rest, oh fill
Each region of this restless heart.

## FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS.

THANK Thee, Lord, for using me,
For Thee to work and speak;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

## *FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS.*

I thank Thee, Lord, that some true rays
  Of Thine, from me have shone
Into a world so dark as ours,
  However faint and wan.

I bless Thee for each seed of truth
  That I through Thee have sowed,
Upon this waste and barren earth,—
  The living seed of God;

For those to whom, through me, Thou hast
  Some heavenly guidance given;
For some, it may be, saved from death,
  And some brought nearer heaven.

For any hope, or light, or joy,
  Imparted, Lord, through me,
To one sad soul upon this earth,
  Unknown to all but Thee;

For every note of Christian song,
  However poorly sung;
For lips that sought to speak but truth,
  And for a willing tongue.

I thank Thee, gracious God, for all
  Of witness there hath been
From me, in any path of life,
  Though silent and unseen;

For any flower across life's path
  At random I have flung;
For dew to freshen aged hearts,
  Or sunshine for the young;





*FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS.*

For solace ministered perchance,
In days of grief and pain;
For peace to troubled, weary souls,
Not spoken all in vain.

O honour higher, truer far,
Than earthly fame could bring,
Thus to be used, in work like this,
So long, by such a King!

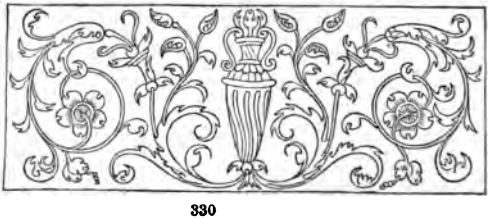
A blunted sword, a rusted spear,
Which only *He* could wield:
A broken sickle in *His* hand,
To reap *His* harvest-field!

Lord, keep us still the same, as in
Remembered days of old:
Oh keep us fervent still in love,
'Mid many waxing cold.

Lord, make us beacon-lights on earth,
Authentic and divine;
And, as the times grow darker still,
May we yet brighter shine.

Help us, O Christ, to grasp each truth,
With hand as firm and true
As when we clasped it first to heart,
A treasure fresh and new.

Thy name to name, Thyself to own,
With voice unfaltering,
And face as bold and unashamed
As in our Christian spring.



## EVER WITH THEE.

NOT in the silence only,
Nor in the solitude,
Let my thoughts rise to Thee in praise,
My God, so great, so good.

But 'mid the din and noise
Of city conflict rude;
In crowded street, where daily pours
The hurrying multitude.

Not on the mountain only,
Or by the lonely sea,
Or in the forest's quiet shade,
Let my soul rise to Thee.

But in the hum of men,
Amid the market-crowd,
The press of mammon-worshippers
With voices fierce and loud.

Not in the morning only,
Or midnight calm and still,
When the tired day-breeze lies at rest
On the fir-shaded hill.

But all the bustling day,
Mid toil and weariness,
Hour crowding upon troubled hour,
Like waves that never cease.

Not on the Sabbath only,
In the dear house of prayer,
Where earthly din cannot intrude,
And only God is there.

But all week long, in spite
Of care and vanity;—
That thus, even in the crowd, I may
Be still alone with Thee.

## LET US NOT REND IT.

SEAMLESS and fair!
Let us not rend Thy perfect raiment, Lord!
But ever keep it whole throughout,
Maintaining in Thy church a blest accord.

Let all be one!
One church, one faith, one love, one hope, one joy,
One Bridegroom, and one holy Bride,—
This unity divine let none destroy.

One temple vast!
Builded of living stones by Thine own hand,
One household, and one brotherhood,
Knit all together by love's perfect band.

Let truth prevail!
  Truth ever true, not shifting with the wind.
Walk we in light, as sons of noon;
  The shadows that divide us left behind.

Let love prevail!
  Love the most excellent of gifts divine;
The love that seeketh not her own,
  Long-suffering love, all-patient, Lord, like Thine!

Let love prevail!
  The love that envies not, that thinks no ill,
That faileth not, but ever lives,
  All things believing, hoping, bearing still.

So be it, Lord!
  Even here on earth, where all things broken lie.
So shall it be in love's own day,
  In love's own kingdom everlastingly.

## UNSPEAKABLE WORDS.

*ἄρρητα ῥήματα.*—2 Cor. xii. 4.

WORDS then there are in that high sphere,
  Where the third heavens spread wide their day;
Yet words which none below may hear,
  Who still amid this din and darkness stay.





## *UNSPEAKABLE WORDS.*

O Eden of the sorrowless,
The anchorage of weary souls,
Where the King's city has its place,
And where the living stream in crystal rolls!

Words then there are, and lips that speak,
And ears that hear the wondrous tones,
And hearts that feel, but do not break,
And voices, strange and sweet, of heavenly ones.

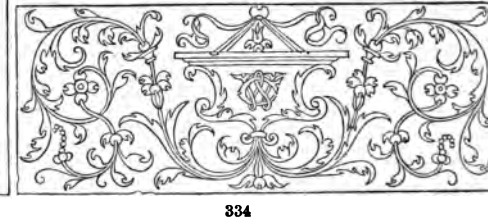
We hear, and love, and listen still,
The sounds enchain us as they fall;
But they are words unspeakable,
They cannot, must not pass the jasper-wall.

Man may not utter them to man,
They are for those who gave them birth;
Not heard in any sphere, save one,
Unfit for listeners on this sinful earth.

By sinless lips to sinless ears,
From sinless hearts, they named must be;
Not for this land of days and years,
This home of darkness and mortality.

But he who heard the unspeakable
Sure never could forget them more;
He may not speak, but he must feel,
Must brood in secret o'er his hidden store.

A treasure in his deepest heart,
The gold of gold, of gems the gem,
Relics with which he must not part,
Of the far-off and fair Jerusalem.



## *UNSPEAKABLE WORDS.*

From that strange hour when first he heard,
With ears unused to such a sound,
The glorious and unearthly word,
How would he henceforth tread this lower ground!

Truth upon which his soul may muse,
And musing burn, and burning glow;
But which he must not here disclose,
Nor breathe to fellow-mortal here below.

A man with treasure in his heart,
Imported from the heaven of heaven,
With gladness he may not impart,
For him alone, in grace, divinely given.

The heaven above had been to him
The kindling of a heaven below;
Yet still he gazes on the dim,
And still he dwells amid the sin and woe.

Unutterable words! Oh how
To know you does the spirit long!
Who spoke you? In what language too?
And were ye parable, or psalm, or song?

And were ye all of things above?
Or did ye this low earth concern?
And were ye joy, or were ye love?
And did ye sweetly soothe, or did ye burn?

And did ye speak of ages past;
Or tell of ages yet to come?
Of Him the Eternal First and Last,
What He is yet to do, what He hath done?

## *UNSPEAKABLE WORDS.*

As on the lone and silent hill,
  Did ye recall the great decease
Of Golgotha, and Him reveal;—
  The risen Christ, the ascended Prince of peace?

As 'neath the lonely Patmos sky,
  Did ye the coming King proclaim?
The glory and the victory,
  The ending of earth's day of death and shame?

And did ye strike the key-note clear
  Of the great everlasting psalm,
Yet to be sung by dwellers here;—
  Glory to God on high, and to the Lamb?

It matters not; the treasure hid
  Within that heart shall yet be found;
To speak, no longer then forbid,
  He shall make known the long-unuttered sound.

The notes that died with him shall rise,
  We yet shall hear the treasured strain;
Each word which now unuttered lies,
  Shall all be fully, truly spoken then.

C.W.

## JUXTA CRUCEM.

FROM the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver-clear.
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
IT IS FINISHED is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.

Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds for ever healing,
And removing every load;
Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

Love its fulness there unfolding,
Stand we here in joy beholding,
To the exiled sons of men;
Love the gladness past all naming,
Of an open heaven proclaiming,
Love that bids us enter in.

GOD IS LOVE;—we read the writing,
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there.
GOD IS LIGHT;—we see it beaming,
Like a heavenly day-spring gleaming
So divinely sweet and fair.

Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
Round thee winds the one great story
Of this ever-changing earth.
Centre of the true and holy,
Grave of human sin and folly,
Womb of Nature's second birth.

## DIVINE LOVE.

LOVE invisible, yet infinite,
I cast myself into thy sure embrace.
O light of God, shine through this cloudy night;
O God of light, unveil Thy gladdening face.

Happy in knowing Thee, my Lord and God;
Happy in finding Thee, my treasure true;
Happy in following Thee through ill and good,
In toiling for Thee, and in suffering too.

Clear-written on the cross I read Thy love;
Thy love is there, and there Thy power I see;
The power that comes with healing from above,
That brings to us a heavenly liberty.

What is the love to me without the cross?
And what the cross without the love, O Lord?
All sin and weakness I, it is the cross
That to my broken soul doth health afford.

O love that passeth knowledge, Thee I need;
Pour in the heavenly sunshine; fill my heart;
Scatter the cloud, the doubting, and the dread,
The joy unspeakable to me impart.

O love that passeth knowledge, shine on me
As through these sunless solitudes I wind;
Brighten my path, give buoyant liberty,
Nerve for the fight, unburden and unbind.

## LIFE'S PRAISE.

FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise;
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor even the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

## *LIFE'S PRAISE.*

Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in,
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my beloved ones.

Not in the temple-crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime,
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.

Upon the bed of weariness,
With fevered eye and brain;
Or standing by another's couch
Watching the pulse of pain.

Enduring wrong, reproach, or loss,
With sweet and steadfast will;
Loving and blessing those who hate,
Returning good for ill.

Surrendering my fondest will
In things or great or small,
Seeking the good of others still,
Nor pleasing self at all.

Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be and weak.

So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, even me,
Receive the glory due,
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turnèd into song;
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.

So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

## A HYMN OF PRAISE.

TO Him who formed the heaven of heavens,
Where His glory dwelleth,
Who lighted up each star of even,
Which that glory telleth;
Who stretched that arch of blue above,
That plain of blue below;
Who built the everlasting hills,
And bid the rivers flow;

To Him who made us what we are,
  And loved us all so well,
Whose thoughts are thoughts of boundless grace,
  Beyond what lip can tell,—
    To Him, to Him be praise,
    Now and through endless days!

To Him in whom we live and move,
  In whom we have our being;
To Him whose glory passeth far
  All hearing and all seeing,
Who speaketh, and lo, it is done,—
  Commands, and all stand fast;
Who is the everlasting God,
  Who is the first and last.
To Him who hath prepared for us
  A home and mansion bright,
The kingdom never to be moved,
  The heritage of light,—
    To Him be glory given,
    By all in earth and heaven!

## JESUS, HELP.

OH help me o'er this river,
  Thou who hast crossed before;
Oh help, or I shall never
  Reach the further shore.

## *JESUS, HELP.*

Its waters swell and eddy;
I fall, I sink, I'm lost:
Oh keep my footsteps steady,
Till I have safely crossed.

Stretch out Thy hand to save me,
As Thou hast often done;
For if *Thou* wilt not have me,
Then I am wholly gone.

If *Thou*, dear Lord, wilt have me,
If *Thou* wilt help my need;
Ah, this will save, will save me,
And I am saved indeed.

A word from *Thee* will do it,
One word, one word, no more;
I shall be carried through it
And landed on the shore.

Oh, help me through this trial,
Thou tried and tempted One;
I cannot take denial;—
Thou *must*, or I am gone.

'Tis Thee,—Thee, Saviour, only,
That can suffice for me,
For I am tried and lonely,
I have no friend but Thee.

## THE SONG UPON THE SEA OF GLASS.

REV. XV. 2—4.

A SEA of glass I saw,
Mingled with fire it seemed;
Upon it stood the conquerors,
The host of the redeemed.

They had the harps of God,
And a new song they sung;
The song of Moses and the Lamb
I heard from every tongue.

Right, great, and marvellous,
Lord God of might, they cry,
Thy works are; just and true Thy ways,
Thou King of saints most high.

Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And Thee, Jehovah, own?
Who shall not glorify Thy name,
The only holy One?

All nations now shall come,
And to Thee homage yield;
For all Thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Are now at last revealed.

## LOVE OUR RESTING-PLACE.

ON the great love of God I lean,
Love of the Infinite, Unseen;
With nought of heaven or earth between.
This God is mine, and I am His,
His love is all I need of bliss.

Once and for ever reconciled,
The sinful with the Undefiled,
I walk with Him, His trustful child;
The blood of the great sacrifice
My troubled conscience pacifies.

In the calm light of God I move,
The light of holiness and love,
Like the pure light of heaven above;
For God is love, and God is light,
A day without a cloud or night.

To the dear home of God I press,
The mansion of eternal bliss,
The seat of love and righteousness.
O home and seat of glorious life,
Beyond the tumult and the strife.

He keeps me from all want and ill,
With loving eye He guides me still,
His peace and joy my spirit fill,
O loving Seeker of the lost,
How great for me Thy toil and cost!

To Him my helpless spirit clings,
He bears me as on eagle's wings,
Through sorrow and through joy He brings;
He loves from the eternal past,
His tender mercies ever last.

## THE INTERCESSION.

HEB. XIII. 20.

NOW may the God of peace,
Who through the blood, once shed,
Of the eternal covenant,
Did bring up from the dead
Our one Lord Jesus Christ,
Great Shepherd of the sheep,
In every good work perfect you,
And ever, ever keep.
Doing His Heavenly will,
Working within you still,
The holy work and word,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord,
To whom the glory be,
Amen! Eternally!

## TRUE THINKING.

TO Thee, to Thee alone, Lord, would I hearken,
In this strange age of crude philosophy.
The skies are clouding, and the shadows darken;
It is not night, and yet it is not day.

They boast that all the wisdom is with them;
*They* are the thinkers, *we* the credulous;
*They* have the mind, and can think out all truth,
*We* dream and doat upon the fabulous.

Man's high philosophy disdains Thy thoughts,
And the proud voice of science scorns Thy word;
"There is no God, or God hath never spoken!
There is no judgment-seat, no judgment-sword."

"Our lips and pens are ours; and who shall say
To us, Thus far, no farther shalt thou go.
We spurn the limits of the fixèd creed,
No trammel and no limit shall we know."

God's revelation is a word of hate,
It speaks of fetters to the human mind,
It says, believe because thy God hath spoken;
And thus in chains the intellect would bind!

But they will not be bound; they think and speak
As it may please themselves; for they are lords,—
Lords of the mind and will; and who is he
That shall control or check their thoughts and words?

Think on, think on, then; but the day draws nigh
Which shall put all your vanities to shame;
Think on, but know that there is One who will,
To think as well as you, put in His claim.

His thoughts are not as yours, nor are His ways
As your ways,—dubious, changeful, dark, unsure;
His are the thoughts, eternal, infinite;
Thoughts like Himself, unchanging, true, and pure.

To think His thoughts is blessedness supreme;
To know HIMSELF, the Thinker, is our life;
To rest this weary intellect on His,
Is the glad ending of mind's endless strife.

For this is life eternal, Him to know,
And Jesus Christ His Son whom He hath sent;
And this is light, to walk in His dear love,
Light, brighter than the noon-bright firmament.

## THE CHURCH'S WATCH.

Utamur ergo parcius
Verbis, cibis et potibus,
Somno, jocis, et arctius
Perstemus in custodia.— *Old Hymn.*

I



S the Bridegroom absent still?
Watch thou then, O faithful Bride!
Watch and pray,
Till the day
When the Bridegroom to thy side
Shall in love and glory come
To find with thee His throne and home;
Not to depart again,
Nor leave thee in thy widowhood,
In darkness and in solitude,
Exposed to every foe
Of earth around and hell below;—
But over earth to reign!

II.

Is the Bridegroom absent still?
Watch, O blood-bought Church of God;
Severed from an evil world,
Walk thou in the heavenly road.
Keep thy garment undefiled,
Of the flesh abhor each spot,
Cast behind thee all of self,
Be time's vanities forgot.

Let the cry be heard, "How long,"
Lord, how long shall evil reign?
When shall sin be swept away,
And this earth be clean again?
Lord, how long shall error spread,
Truth be trodden in the dust,
Hatred flow from tongue and pen,
Hatred of the good and just!
Hatred of the Christ of God,
Of His true and holy word!
Mockery of His holy crown,
Scorn of His uplifted sword!
This the burden of thy cry,
When shall end the age of wrong,
Error, pain, misrule, and lust,
Righteous King and Lord, how long!

III.

Who is she that says in pride,
"As a queen I sit and reign,—
To me who speaks of widowhood,
Of poverty and grief and pain?"
She it is, the harlot-bride
Of the world's Christ-hating King,—
She it is who speaks, in pride
Of her vain imagining;
She the true chaste spouse who mocks,—
Bride of Christ, elect of God,
Who the heavenly Bridegroom loathes;
Scorns, yet dreads his iron rod.

Decked in scarlet, gems, and gold,
Can she be a widow,—she
Who the mystic sceptre sways,
To whom millions bow the knee?

IV.

Yet her day is nigh at hand,
And her judgment lingers not,
See the fierce-ascending smoke
Of her vengeance, red and hot.
See the mighty millstone flung
By the glorious angel-hand;
Hear the hallelujah rise
From the white, palm-bearing band!
She is fallen, and shall not rise,
She is sunk for evermore,
Hallelujah, let the note
Sound to every farthest shore;
Hallelujah, like the voice
Of the mighty multitude;
Hallelujah, like the voice
Of the roaring waterflood;
Hallelujah, like the voice
Of the mighty thunder-roar;
Hallelujah, for the Lord
Reigneth now from shore to shore.
Let us then rejoice and sing;
Tis the marriage of the Lamb;
And the bride is ready; raise,
Raise the everlasting psalm!

## PRAYER FOR OUR CHILDREN.

FATHER, our children keep!
We know not what is coming on the earth;
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wing,
Oh keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them birth.

Father, draw nearer us!
Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm;
Oh clasp our children closer to Thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

Them in Thy chambers hide!
Oh hide them and preserve them calm and safe,
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

Oh keep them undefiled!
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin;
That, clothed in white, through the bright city-gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.

C.W.

## WHO TOUCHED ME?

LUKE VIII. 45.

WHO touched Me?" dost Thou ask.
'Twas I, Lord, it was I.
"Some one hath touched Me;" yes, O Lord,
I am that "somebody."

I came, Lord, and I touched,
For sore I needed Thee;
Forth from Thee straight the virtue came,—
Lord, Thou hast healèd me.

And wouldst Thou frown on me?
Dost Thou the boon repent?
Why, then, Lord, didst Thou pass so near,
As if to me just sent?

Thou, Lord, wert passing by;
I knew all heaven was there:
A heaven of healing and of love,
Thou didst within Thee bear;

A heaven of grace and peace,
Of pardon and of joy;
Lord, wouldst Thou have me let Thee pass,
And all that heaven go by?

What could I do but touch,
And Thou so nigh, so nigh?
What couldst Thou do but heal, O Lord,
Ere I had time to cry?

Thou wert too near for prayer;
I touched at once, and found
The fulness of the heaven of heavens,
On this low earthly ground.

Speak then the word of cheer,
Say to my trembling soul,
Be of good comfort, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made the whole.

## HOLY SLEEP.

JOHN XI. 12.

LORD, if he sleep he shall do well!
How sweet, in such a world as this,
To lie unconscious of each spell
That works our daily weariness.

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
We will not grudge his earlier gain.
Could he now speak, would he not tell
Of joy begun, of ended pain?

## *HOLY SLEEP.*

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
We would not break his longed-for sleep,
Nor ask him back, with us to dwell,
With us to suffer and to weep.

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
The resurrection-morn is nigh;
Awake, ye in the dust who dwell,
Awake, ascend with song on high.

How sweet to shut out time and sense,
Visions and vanities and dreams;
Earth's glare so withering and intense,
Toil's hourly burdens, pleasure's gleams.

In death to leave all death behind,
From sickness and from pain to fly;
And in the dreaded grave to find
The gate of immortality.

To leave behind the fear, the doubt,
The care, the fret, the restlessness,
That poisoned life, and to shut out
Alike the failure and success.

We cannot trust these eyes and ears,
Sweet though it is to hear and see;
They are the messengers of fears,
The gates of ill and vanity.

We cannot trust these ears and eyes;
The daily inlets they of sin!
How sweet to shut out earthly lies,
And be with heavenly truth shut in!

## *HOLY SLEEP.*

These eyes and ears we cannot trust,
  They work us hourly woe within;
How sweet to close them in the dust,
  And be with God alone shut in!

These gates how gladly should we close
  Against the ills that through them roll;—
The crafty and mysterious foes,
  That through the body rob the soul.

The tomb is dark; we need no eyes;
  It speaks not; and we need no ears;
The veil descends and cannot rise;—
  Farewell our struggles and our tears!

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
  In sleep like this he taketh rest;
He lieth down corruptible,
  He riseth, in Thine image blest.

For he who sleeps in Thee sleeps well;
  All earth shut out, all heaven shut in.
Though damp the couch and dark the cell,
  They dwell in light who sleep within.

## ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN.

FROM THE LATIN.

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of endless joy and love!
Alleluia, voice of gladness,
To the happy choirs above.

This the melody of triumph,
Which to chaunt they never cease;
They the everlasting dwellers
In God's happy home of peace.

Alleluia, holy Salem,
Thou dost sing, and still rejoice,
Alleluia, of thy dwellers
Is the never-ending voice.

Alleluia, we the banished
Mingle with the tear and groan,
As we sit in exile lonely,
By the streams of Babylon.

Alleluia, we deserve not
Such a note of heavenly song;
Oft the conscious guilt within us
Checks and silences our tongue.

Yet the time, the time is coming,
When, in brighter, calmer clime,
We shall turn with wistful longing
To the ended songs of time.

Then to Father, Son, and Spirit,
Mingle we the prayer and praise,
The great feast above beholding,
Through the everlasting days.

Alleluia, Alleluia!
Thus to Thee we joyful sing.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
To our blessed God and King.

## EXTRA PORTAM.

The following is a translation of the Latin hymn of Hildebert, written about the close of the eleventh century. The reader will recognise four great Bible scenes in it: first, the raising of the widow's son and also of Lazarus; second, the stilling of the storm; third, the barren fig-tree; fourth, the casting out of the evil spirit from the child. It is only part of a larger poem, the terse Latinity and metaphysical Augustinianism of which make the translation a work of great difficulty.

FROM the gate now carried forth,
Putrid, covered, earth with earth;
Bound, the stone upon him lies,
If Thou biddest, he shall rise.

Speak the word, back rolls the stone;
Speak the word, the shroud is gone;
All on wing he hastes to come,
When Thou sayest, Leave the tomb.

On this ocean's troubled breast
Pirate bands my bark infest;
Here the foe and there the wave,
Death and trouble round me rave.
Come, good Helmsman, come at last,
Smooth the sea and hush the blast,
Bid these pirates turn and flee,
Bring to port my bark and me.

Barren fig-tree sure am I,
Every branch is bare and dry.
Hew and burn;—it merits all;—
Justly would the sentence fall.
Yet one other year, oh spare,
Dig it, dung it, it may bear;
If not, then the fire, ah me,
Must consume the fruitless tree.

'Gainst me the old enemy
Flood and flame doth fiercely ply;
Faint, afflicted, there is none
Left for me but Thou alone.
That this enemy may flee,
That the sick one healed may be,
Help Thy sick one night and day,
Help him, Lord, to fast and pray;—
This, the Lord would have us know,
Shall deliver from this foe.
From his grasp my soul unwind;
Give the loyal lowly mind;

Give, oh give, the fear divine,
Lacking which no heaven is mine;
Give hope, faith, and charity,
Give me prudent piety;
Give contempt of earthly toys,
Appetite for heavenly joys.

Thou art all of hope to me;
All, O God, I seek from Thee.
Thee my praise, my good I call;
Thou my gift, and Thou my all.
Thou in toil my solace art,
Cordial of my fainting heart.
Thou in grief my lyre, O God;
Thou the lightener of the rod.
Thou in bonds me settest free,
Thou in falls upliftest me!
Still in wealth bestowing fear,
Still in want preserving cheer.
Injured, Thou requitest ill,
Threatened, Thou defendest still;
What is dark Thou dost unseal,
What needs veiling Thou dost veil.

Ah, Thou wilt not let me go
To the prison-cells below,
Where the sorrow, where the fear,
Where the stench, and where the tear;
Where all sin is brought to light,
And the guilty plunged in night.

Where the torturer ceaseth never,
Where the worm shall gnaw for ever;
Endless all, unchangeable;
Endless death, and endless hell.

Mine be Sion, city blest,
Sion, David's seat of rest;
She whose Former formed the light,
She whose gate the cross makes bright,
She whose keys are Peter's creed,
She whose dwellers joy indeed;
Living stones her walls do fill,
King of joy her guardian still;
Here is light without decay,
Spring eternal, peace for aye.
Fragrance filling heaven on high,
Ever-festal melody.
No corruption taints its air,
No defect, no murmur there,
None there dwarfed, and none deformed,
All to Christ have been conformed.

Heavenly city, city blest,
On the rock securely placed,
In thy haven calmly set,
From afar thy walls I greet;
Thee I hail, for thee I sigh;
Thee I love, for thee I cry.
How thy sons rejoice in love,
How they keep the feast above,
What they feel 'mid yonder light,

Or what gems their walls make bright,
Jacinth's or chalcedon's glow,—
They who are within thee know!
In the streets of yonder city,
May I, with the holy throng,
Joined with Moses and Elias,
Sing the Hallelujah song.

## THE TIME OF FLOWERS.

SONG OF SOL. II. 8.

NOW sweetly doth He show His face,
How gently speak and say,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, rise,
And come away!
Past is the winter and the cold,
The rain is o'er and gone;
The flowers appear upon the earth,
Now glows the sun!

The singing of the birds is come;
All listening now we stand;
The turtle-dove's low note is heard
Through all the land.
The fig-tree buds, the tender vines
Are fragrant as the day;
Arise, my love, my beautiful,
And come away!

My dove, who in yon rock of rocks
Dost in My love rejoice,
Come, let Me see thy countenance,
And hear thy voice.
Mine my Beloved is, I His;
Among the lilies He
Feedeth, until the morning breaks
And shadows flee!

## PSALM VI.

NOT in thine anger, Lord,
Me for my sin reprove!
Not in Thy burning wrath chastise,
Oh, deal with me in love.

For very weak am I;
Jehovah, heal Thou me;
For shaken are my bones, my soul
Is troubled bitterly.

But Thou, O Lord, how long!
Return, my soul set free;
In greatness of Thy mercy, Lord,
Save and deliver me.

For, not in death, of Thee
Can we remembrance have;
Who shall give thanks to Thee, O Lord,
Within the silent grave?

And weary, Lord, am I,
With these my groans and fears!
Each night I make my bed to swim,
My couch dissolves in tears.

Mine eye with grief consumes,—
Grows old before its time,
Because of all mine enemies;
Depart, ye men of crime.

Jehovah hears the voice,
The voice of all my tears;
Jehovah to my cry gives heed,
My prayer Jehovah hears.

Ashamed and troubled be
Mine enemies each one;
Let them turn back, be put to shame,
And in a moment gone.

## PSALM XXIV.

EARTH is the Lord's!
And all its fulness His!
This world of ours,
And they who therein dwell.
For He hath laid
Upon the mighty seas
The earth, and deep
Foundations of our globe;
And on the floods
Hath built it firm and well!

## *PSALM XXIV.*

Who shall ascend
  Into Jehovah's hill?
Who stand within
  His holy place on high?
Of hands the clean,
  The pure of heart and will!
He who hath not
  Lifted to vanity
His soul, nor hath
  He sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive
  The blessing of the Lord!
He shall receive
  The perfect righteousness
From Him who is
  To him salvation's God.
Of those who Him
  Do seek, such is the race
Of those who do,
  O Jacob, seek Thy face.

Lift up, O gates,
  Lift up your heads on high!
Be lifted up,
  Doors of eternity!
Then He, the King
  Of glory, shall come in!
Who can this King,
  This King of Glory be?
Jehovah strong,
  In battle mighty He!

Lift up, O gates.
  Lift up your heads on high;
Yea, lift them up,
  Doors of eternity!
Then He, the King
  Of glory, shall come in!
Who can this King,
  This King of glory be?
The Lord of hosts,
  The King of glory He!

## PSALM XXIX.

GIVE ye to Jehovah, O sons of the mighty,
  Give ye to Jehovah the glory and power;
Give ye to Jehovah the honour and glory,
  In beauty of holiness kneel and adore.

The voice of Jehovah comes down on the waters,
  In thunder the God of the glory* draws nigh!
Lo, over the waves of the wide-flowing waters
  Jehovah as King is enthroned on high.

The voice of Jehovah is mighty, is mighty,
  The voice of Jehovah in majesty speaks;
The voice of Jehovah the cedars is breaking,
  Jehovah the cedars of Lebanon breaks.

* See Hebrew.

Like young heifers at play, they skip when
He speaketh;
Lo, Lebanon leaps at the sound of His name.
Like son* of the unicorn Sirion is skipping;
The voice of Jehovah it forketh the flame.

The voice of Jehovah it shaketh the desert,
The desert of Kadesh it shaketh with fear;
The hind of the field into travel-pangs casteth;
The voice of Jehovah the forest strips bare.

Each one, in His temple, His glory is speaking,
On floods He is sitting as King on His
throne.
Jehovah all strength to His people is giving,
Jehovah with peace is still blessing His
own.

## PSALM CL.

JEHOVAH praise! Praise God
Within His sanctuary!
Oh, praise Him in His place of power,
His firmament on high.

Praise Him for all His deeds
Of majesty and power;
For greatness and for excellence,
Oh praise Him every hour.

* See Hebrew.

## PSALM CL.

With the clear trumpet's sound
  Lift ye His glory high;
Upon the harp His praises speak
  And on the psaltery.

With timbrel and with dance
  His majesty proclaim;
Praise Him with stringed instruments,
  With organs praise His name.

On the loud cymbals praise;
  Praise Him, each breathing thing;
On the high-sounding cymbals praise
  Unto Jehovah sing.

C.W.

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